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LETTERS

FROM

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THE CONTINENT:

CONTAINING SKETCHES OF FOREIGN SCENERY AND MANNERS:
WITH HINTS AS TO THE DIFFERENT MODES OF
TRAVELLING, EXPENSE OF LIVING, ETC.

3. E. 10.

BY

THE REV. WEEVER WALTER, M. A.
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH: AND
T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.
MDCCCXXVIII.

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TO

THE REV. JAMES WALTER,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE INSCRIBED

BY

HIS DUTIFUL AND AFFECTIONATE SON,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE following Letters, intended to describe faithfully and correctly the scenes and circumstances of foreign travel, are offered to the public with a degree of diffidence, which none can duly estimate, but those who, like the author, appear "in print" for the first time. The only merit they can lay claim to is that of authenticity; and, though this constitutes but slight ground on which to hope for the reader's approbation, it is trusted that the author may safely count on his indulgence.

Edinburgh, Feb. 1, 1828.

LETTERS

FROM

THE CONTINENT.

LETTER I.

ROTTERDAM—BOOMPJES—SLEDGES—TRADE—CATHEDRAL.

Rotterdam, *April* 27, 1826.

We embarked from the Custom-house, London, on board the Queen of the Netherlands steam packet, yesterday morning at eight o'clock. The day was fine, and we enjoyed to the full the rich and animating scene which the Thames always presents. On gaining the open sea, however, all enjoyment was at an end; the wind blew very fresh, the ship rolled tremendously, and —— but I need not say what followed. We landed here exactly at noon, having spent twenty-eight hours on the water. What a change from England to Holland! I don't believe there can be a greater contrast between London and Canton, than between London and Rotterdam. The

town is so intersected with canals, that it consists not so much of streets, as of a succession of quays, which, for the most part, have a row of remarkably fine elm trees along the water's edge. Of these, the handsomest is the one on which we landed, called the Boompjes; it is little short of a mile in length, and contains a number of very fine houses, each vying with the other in neatness. The largest ships come close to shore and discharge their valuable cargoes into warehouses, which bear the appearance of so many palaces: this may especially be remarked of the East India Company's house.

The Dutch, though an industrious race, as the very existence of their country proves, are yet not fond of exerting themselves for trifles. For example, the ladies, who stay much at home, but are nevertheless curious as to what is going on out of doors, cannot be at the trouble of rising from their seats at the window every time a passing carriage excites their curiosity, so in order to gratify this innate propensity with as little inconvenience to themselves as possible, a prism-shaped frame is fastened outside, about a foot from the window, having two of its sides furnished with a mirror. By means of this a person sitting by the side of a window is enabled to see objects approaching in both directions. A porter with a load on his back is seldom seen:

packages, even such as do not exceed fifty pounds in weight, are consigned to a sledge, and drawn by a horse perhaps sixteen hands high. The sledges are composed of two long pieces of wood, joined together by two cross pieces at short distances from each end. Not being shod with iron, and being frequently drawn along at a rapid rate over a rough pavement, they would no doubt take fire, were it not for the following very simple contrivance. On the fore part of the sledge is fixed a barrel of water, with a spile hole just over each side-piece: at each step the horse takes, the water spirts out, moistens the pavement, and not only facilitates the motion of the sledge, but prevents its igniting by constant friction.

Trade is at a very low ebb, as is the case, I believe, with most of the Dutch towns. The number of inhabitants amounts to nearly 60,000, whose chief dependence is on trade and its proceeds: the consequence is, that there exists much poverty among the lower orders. The local and national taxes are very high; there is not only a house and window tax, but a door tax, a chimney tax, and a furniture tax: a poor man who rents an apartment at fifty florins * a year, pays taxes to the amount of

* About L. 4 sterling.

ten. Provisions are dear in consequence of the high duties exacted on all articles of consumption. There is one evil belonging to Rotterdam in common with most towns in Holland, which every traveller ought to be aware of, in order that he may guard against its pernicious effects: I allude to the water, which is so bad, that any one not habituated to it, who partakes freely of it, will hardly escape an attack of dysentery. The statue of Erasmus in the market place, and the Great Church, are the objects most worthy of observation. The highly talented reformer, is represented with a book in his hand, and in the attitude of deep meditation; the statue is in bronze, and, as a work of art, possesses no very great share of merit. The Cathedral is an immense building, whose proportions are partly hidden and partly spoiled by the shops and houses, which, with a mistaken indifference as to "outward show," have been permitted to rise up between the buttresses. The tower is remarkably fine, and the interior is admirably arranged, both as far as regards the preacher and the congregation. The church contains some good monuments, of which those to the memory of Admirals de Witt and Brakel, are worthy of the great names they are intended to hand down to posterity.

There are in Rotterdam several societies or clubs, associated for purposes of amusement and recreation. Their places of meeting are for the most part out of the town, and consist of gardens, billiard, and ball rooms, skittle grounds and smoking houses, whither the wealthy burgers resort after the toil of business is over, to indulge in an hour or two's relaxation. We had an introduction to one of these pleasure gardens; but the season for resorting to them was not yet begun.

LETTER II.

UTRECHT—NIMUEGEN—STEAM PACKET—CÖLN.

Cöln, *May* 2, 1826.

BEFORE saying any thing to you of this place, I must give you a brief sketch of our journey from Rotterdam. Not wishing to go all the way by water, we set out on the 29th ultimo, at eight in the morning, in the Diligence for Utrecht, in order that we might be able to meet the steam packet at Nimuegen the following day. The first few miles of our road lay through a country the most singular in the world: I would almost describe it as water with some small portion of land, so numerous and wide are the ditches, and so narrow are the fields they enclose. Neatness, however, extraordinary neatness is the characteristic of Holland; and wherever you look it is sure to meet your eye. For some distance we travelled along a road paved with bricks turned down edgeways, and so smooth and even, that it was with difficulty we kept ourselves awake. The small inn where we first changed horses was neatness itself: the space in front of it was nicely

sprinkled over with clean sand, and he must have been a barbarian who could have entered the house without carefully wiping off every particle of dirt which might chance to adhere to his shoes.

On approaching Utrecht, the country assumes a new and more interesting appearance. Numerous country houses, pleasantly situated by the road side, show that the Dutchman can occasionally leave his shop or counting house, and betake himself (but always with his pipe) to a distance from the fatigues of business.

The remains of the church at Utrecht are on a very grand scale, and lead one to form a lofty conception of the building when entire. There is nothing else in the town of any interest. We left it at six A. M. on the 30th, in the Nimuegen Diligence, which was disagreeably crowded, the inside passengers being twelve in number. In compensation, however, for this annoyance, we had a fine rich country to travel through; magnificent country, or pleasure houses, as they are called, follow one another in quick succession; they are for the most part embosomed in woods, composed of the finest possible timber trees. The grounds appear laid out with great taste; and we readily pardoned some of the more ambitious proprietors, who, because nature has denied them mountains, have thrown up artifi-

cial mounds in their shrubberies. The soil, though light, appears to be very productive.

For the last fifteen miles before reaching Nimuegen, our fears were kept constantly on the alert by the state of the road, which is elevated on a narrow bank about twenty feet above the level of the country: the bank is so narrow, that it is only here and there that two carriages can pass one another; add to this, that there is scarcely any part of the road protected by parapets, that our coachman was more than half intoxicated, and you will easily believe me when I tell you, that we did not much enjoy our afternoon's drive. After crossing first the Rhine, and afterwards the Whaal, which are separated by a very small interval,* we arrived at Nimuegen

* It is only a few miles above Nimuegen that the Rhine is separated into these two branches. Tacitus speaks of the two rivers in the following terms, which are literally applicable to their present state. "Rhenus, uno alveo continuus, aut modicas insulas circumveniens, apud principium agri Batavi, velut in duos amnes dividitur; servatque nomen, et violentiam cursus, quà Germaniam prævehitur, donec oceano misceatur: ad Gallicam ripam latior et placidior adfluens, verso cognomento Vahalem accolæ dicunt: mox id quoque vocabulum mutat Mosâ flumine, ejusque immenso ore eundem in oceanum effunditur."—Tac. Ann. lib. ii. 6.

about half past three in the afternoon. We took a few turns on the old ramparts, which are now converted into most delightful promenades, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country; traversed one or two of the best streets, which are very neat and regular, and then yielding to an increasing rain, betook ourselves to our inn for the night.

The following morning at four we embarked on board the steam packet, a very fine vessel, and containing excellent accommodations. We were driven onwards against a powerful current, at the rate of five or six miles an hour, by two engines of thirty horse power. The water being low, and the banks high, it was only on approaching some town or village that any thing was to be seen beyond the limits of the river. It was ten o'clock at night before we reached Dusseldorf: our fellow passengers set out in eager haste to procure beds in the town; but the lateness of the hour induced us to dispense with this trouble, and having obtained the captain's leave, we laid ourselves down on the benches of the cabin, flattering ourselves that we should have a comfortable night's rest. But, alas! after we had lain about two hours, the boatmen began to break the coals on deck, which were to supply the fires next day: from that moment it was impossible to sleep. However, on the return of our fellow travellers to the

vessel, the marks they bore on their faces and hands, satisfied us, that if we had fared ill, they had fared worse.

It was half an hour after noon when we landed here: gratified on the whole with our voyage. The steam packet certainly is a most excellent conveyance; the vessel is so large and so well arranged, that very little smell from the engine room penetrates the large cabin. Whenever we tired of looking at the dancing waters of the noble river, we had only to turn into the cabin, which is a spacious apartment, and write letters, or read any of the most popular English or French publications of the day, of which there is a tolerably good supply on board.—The living is good and sufficiently reasonable. The fare is not extravagant, being thirteen florins * for travelling about 100 miles.—The principal objects of attention here are the Cathedral with its contents, and Rubens's celebrated picture of the crucifixion of St. Peter. The cathedral, so much of it at least as is completed, is the *ne plus ultra* of Gothic splendor. Of the towers, one is only raised about thirty feet from the foundation, the other is much more advanced, and, as far as it goes, is a model of elegance. The main body of

* About L.1, 1s.

the church is only raised to half its originally intended height, and is covered with a mean looking wooden roof. The choir alone is finished, and nothing can exceed the elegance of its form, the lightness of its windows, and the high finishing of the sculptured ornaments; the light too, admitted through painted glass, has something sacred in its hue; yet the effect of all this is sadly diminished by gaudy and paultry ornaments, which are considered indispensable in the celebration of divine worship, according to the forms of the Roman Catholic Church. Instead of stalls richly carved, such as we see in some of our cathedrals, the choir is hung with tapestry, beautiful indeed, but sadly misplaced; while upon the high altar stands the sanctuary in the form of a Grecian temple; I could only exclaim, what taste! and then follow the sacristan to the tomb of the three kings, I can hardly say, *supposed* to be the three kings or wise men, who came guided by a star to worship the infant Saviour, yet certainly represented as such: even their names are recorded on a brazen tablet in front of the shrine. The tomb itself is shut out from the public view, and is only seen on payment of five franks; it is richly studded with precious stones of every description, and would look well in the show rooms of Messrs Rundell and Bridges, but here

it is certainly out of place. The stones about it are said to be worth six million of francs. * The silver shrine of St. Engelbert is a beautiful piece of workmanship, and is much more appropriated to its situation. The cathedral is now undergoing repairs, which are estimated at the enormous sum of 700,000 † Prussian dollars; but you must not understand from this that there is any idea of completing the structure; such a consummation, however devoutly to be desired, can never be effected, unless the finances of his Prussian majesty be increased much beyond their present condition.

Rubens's picture ‡ is a noble specimen of the art; it was presented by him to the church in which he was christened. The Town Hall is a fine old Gothic structure, and its portico is made the depository of some highly interesting historical monuments, inscriptions speaking the gratitude of the ancient

* About L.[illegible]3,000. † About L.100,000.

‡ The crucifixion of St. Peter.—At the back of this picture is but an indifferent copy: they are contained in the same frame, which revolves on a pivot; and the Sacristan who is a man of some humour, not unfrequently allows the uninitiated to exhaust their praises on the counterfeit, and then going behind the frame gives it a push, and exhibits to the mortified would-be-amateur the original painting.

inhabitants, the Ubii, to the different Roman emperors who had protected or shown them favours. Cöln is as little attractive in appearance as any town can well be; its streets are narrow, and ill paved, the houses high and gloomy looking; there are several open places, which, though they have the general appellation, have few of the essential characteristics of squares: the hay-market however may be excepted. The inhabitants bear a high reputation for urbanity and good manners, and are very attentive to strangers, who happen to be provided with even one respectable introduction. The finest view of Cöln is from the eastern extremity of the bridge over the Rhine; the numerous towers, and spires, the variety and extent of the buildings which fill up the fore ground, the vessels crowded three or four deep along the quay, the perpetual swarm of passengers passing and repassing on the bridge; and last of all, the noble river itself pursuing its course in silent rapidity, all conspire to form a picture worthy the pencil of a Teniers.

LETTER III.

HANSEATIC LEAGUE—COBLENTZ—
EHRENBREITSTEIN.

Coblentz, *May* 7, 1826.

THE drive from Cöln to this place cannot fail to be highly gratifying, even to the most fastidious searcher after the beauties of nature. After travelling for about twenty-five miles through a rich plain, cultivated like any garden, we entered the defile of the Rhine, so celebrated for its romantic scenery. Do not expect that I should give you a description of it; in the language of poetry alone can it be pourtrayed with any degree of justice—all that the most skilful composer of ideal scenery could do with wood and water, hill and dale, modern villages and ruined castles, has here been done, and is to be seen in every possible variety from Bonn to Bingen. The Rhine is here an impetuous river, there a placid lake; the mountains here frown in threatening aspect, hanging over the agitated flood, there expand into graceful amphitheatres, clothed with the fruitful vine, while all between is

one rich orchard. Here a peaceful village attracts the traveller's attention, there a pile of ruins perched on the summit of a rocky hill, recals him to ages long gone by, when princes and barons were the highwaymen of the day. About the middle of the thirteenth century, these highborn robbers were so numerous, and their depredations so destructive of commerce, that the principal mercantile towns of Europe, all of them more or less interested in the cause, entered into a solemn league for protecting the navigation of the Rhine; the formation of this league, called the Hanseatic League, was quickly followed by the demolition of all the strong holds along the banks of the river, which from being the terror of the navigator, were thus converted into the admiration of the future tourist.

This town has a distinguishing air of neatness and regularity. The streets are wide, and some of the squares spacious and handsome. The principal object of attention is the celebrated fortress called Ehrenbreitstein, or *the broad stone of honour*. Before giving you a description of its actual condition, I must give you a brief sketch of its eventful history. There is every reason to believe that it was a strong-hold of the Romans in the time of the emperor Julian, and that it underwent the fate of all their fortresses erected for the purpose of protecting

Gaul from the destructive incursions of the German tribes: but it is not till the twelfth century that it figures as a place of much importance. From that period, the possession of it seems to have been fiercely contested in the continual wars carried on between the Germans and French. It is first spoken of as in the possession of the Elector of Treves. In the "thirty years war," he having admitted within it a French garrison, the Imperialists laid siege to it, and at length reduced it by starvation; and it was not restored to the Electorate till the peace of Westphalia in 1649. During another war between these ever restless powers, towards the end of the seventeenth century, it sustained a long and terrible siege by a division of the Imperial army, but was not reduced to surrender. During the revolutionary war, the French generals were well aware of its vast importance to them as commanding the passage of the Rhine; they laid siege to it in 1795, but were compelled to withdraw on the approach of the Austrians: the same occurred twice in 1796, and again in the following year. But in 1798, when the Congress was sitting at Rastat, the siege was pushed with so much vigour, and the provisions of the fortress were reduced to so low an ebb, that it surrendered; and that it might not again be in a condition to impede their ambitious

designs in that direction, the fortifications were blown up, and the place rendered untenable. In this state it continued till the general peace in 1815, when it was ceded with Coblentz to Prussia. It is now, at an enormous expense, towards which the French were compelled to contribute very largely, not only restored, but so much improved and extended, that military men have pronounced it to be impregnable. It contains quarters for 10,000 troops: it is now, even in time of peace, victualled for two years; the only point, by which it is accessible, is mined, and ready to be blown up at a moment's warning. In short, it is the King's hobby.* We were permitted to ascend the hill and range about every part of the fortress except the citadel. The views from it are exceedingly beautiful. The town of Coblentz (Confluentia), lays extended immediately beneath, and close at hand is seen the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, whose waters continue perfectly distinct for the distance of a couple of leagues, those of the former being of a pale clear colour, while those of the latter are of a muddy hue. But to re-

* Since this was written, the works have been brought to a conclusion; and all strangers are excluded from the fortress by the most peremptory orders.

turn to the fortress: It rises to the height of 670 feet above the level of the river, and notwithstanding that, is perforated by a shaft which descends below the bed of the river, which insures a constant supply of wholesome water for the garrison. The difficulty of conveying building materials to the summit, has given occasion to a simple contrivance, by means of which two horses can do the work, which it required sixteen to execute before. On the side next the river, an inclined plain has been cut in the face of the rock, reaching from the quay to the level of the citadel; upon this are two iron rail ways, separated by a flight of steps, 676 in number; two cars connected with each other by a chain, are kept constantly at work, one ascending with stone and lime, while the other descends loaded with rubbish, if there be any, or else empty; the time occupied in delivering a load of stone at the works on the height is only fifteen minutes, and the labour is performed, as I have just said, by two horses. The head of the inclined plain is guarded by an iron gate; which is highly necessary, for it is frightful to look down, and would turn the steadiest head that was not habituated to such things. Two years ago an unfortunate soldier undertook for a wager to descend by it, but he had not proceeded a dozen of steps before he became giddy, lost his foot-

ing, and was precipitated to the bottom, where he was taken up a mangled corpse.

I shall conclude my Letter with an anecdote highly illustrative of the good humour and ready wit which is said to characterize the Russians. In 1812, when Napoleon was on his way to join the grand army destined to subdue Russia, he slept at Coblentz, and caused this inscription to be engraved on a fountain just then completed in front of the hotel at which he had descended. "Memorable pour la Campagne contre les Russes, 1812." The following year, after the memorable defeat of the French, a detachment of the Russian army took possession of Coblentz. Some unworthy citizen, desirous of gaining favour with the new comers, pointed out the inscription to the Russian commander; expecting doubtless a reward for his pains, and to see the structure levelled with the ground. He was, however, disappointed; the general ordered these words to be added to the inscription, "Vue et apprové par nous, commandant Russe de la ville de Coblentz." The name of the prefêt under whose auspices the first inscription was written, and also of the good humoured Russian who added the appendix, form part of the inscription, but not having my tablets with me at the time, they have escaped my memory.

LETTER IV.

MAYENCE—ITS HISTORY.

Mayence, *May* 9.

After a journey of two days, rendered disagreeable by continued rain, we arrived here yesterday at four P. M. The valley of the Rhine is more pre-eminently beautiful above than below Coblentz: the hills rise more abruptly from their bases; the river is confined within a narrower channel, and is therefore more impetuous; and the ruins are at once on a grander scale, and more picturesque. The whole tract of country from Bonn to Bingen would richly repay a pedestrian for any inconveniences or fatigue he might incur in the expedition: if an antiquarian, the numerous ruins would provide food for his fancy during a whole summer: if a mineralogist, there are mines to visit producing silver, and lead ore; numerous masses of basalt, and other indications of volcanic processes: if an horticulturist, he could not fail to be highly delighted, for the whole country is a garden; the plain covered with pear, apple, or cherry trees, and the hill sides

devoted to the vine, which is here cultivated with the greatest care, and, as we all know, with very considerable success. The amateur artist might find ample employment for his pencil, and fill a sketch book of no inconsiderable dimensions, and yet leave many points unexplored. In short, whatever be a man's turn, he cannot fail to meet with much to interest and amuse him in such an excursion.

But to return to Mayence: it is a town of vast extent, contains some fine streets and squares, but possesses little to interest or detain the modern tourist: the population is very small compared with its extent, and there is in consequence an air of nakedness about it, which not a numerous garrison, with all its pomp and circumstance, can dissipate. But in an historical point of view, Mayence is far from being devoid of interest: bear with me then, while I give you a brief sketch of its history, from the time of its being the head quarters of the Roman army destined for repressing the incursions of the German tribes, to the present day.

It was about twenty years prior to the Christian era, that Drusus, a stepson of Augustus, took the command of the Roman army on the banks of the Rhine. His attention was of course immediately directed to the line of fortresses established along

the western bank of the river; they were few in number, and separated by very considerable intervals. He increased their number to fifty: of these Magonciacum was the chief and most southern. This fortress was erected in the year 18 B. C., and the legions employed in its construction were the second and fourteenth. Under Trajan were laid the foundations of the Municipium, or city. In the year 79 A. D. the emperor Hadrian caused a stone bridge to be thrown over the Rhine, of which no traces now remain; he also extended the works, and added to them two additional forts, styled Castra Superna and Inferna. Magonciacum thus became the capital of the province of the higher Rhine. In the fourth century its inhabitants embraced Christianity. About this time the Germans made an incursion into Gaul, and after having destroyed almost all the Castra and towns erected and fostered by the Romans on the left bank of the river, were driven back by Julian. Towards the latter part of the same century, in the year 367, the Germans again invaded Gaul, and on Easter Day stormed and took Magonciacum, putting the garrison and the inhabitants to the sword. As the object of these restless barbarians was plunder, and not extension of territory, they seldom remained long in a vanquished country. Thus we find, that in the be-

ginning of the fifth century, Magonciacum was again become a place of importance. However, in a few years the Vandals inundated the country; Magonciacum, after a long siege, was reduced to surrender, and another massacre ensued. After a third restoration to tranquillity, it was once more, in 451, sacked by the Huns under Atila; and, in a word, such was the critical situation of this place, that it was the continual scene of slaughter and devastation. It was not till the year 622, that Dagobert, king of the Francs, seeing the great importance of Magonciacum for securing his dominions against the perpetual inroads of the northern tribes, entirely restored the fortress, and made to it considerable additions: he may be said to be the first founder of the town of Mayence. In the time of Charlemagne it was in a very flourishing condition, and that emperor, whose designs upon Germany were very ambitious, caused a wooden bridge to be thrown over the river, resting on the piers of the ancient bridge erected by the Romans. It lasted, however, but a very short time, being destroyed by fire. In the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, Mayence continued to prosper under the immediate rule of its archbishops, who held under the successors of Charlemagne. These at length, however, arrogated to themselves the sovereignty of Mayence and its

dependencies, declared themselves independent of the emperors, and even claimed a voice in their election. From these domestic rulers, now converted into cruel tyrants, the inhabitants were at length delivered by Adelbert the first, king of France, who took them under his protection, and gave them a patent of freedom, which was engraved on the metal doors of the church of Notre Dâme.* After a long succession of wars, in which Mayence always had its share of suffering, we find it, in the year 1254, taking the lead in the formation of the famous Hanseatic League, for protecting the navigation of the Rhine. In the fifteenth century it became the birthplace and nursery of printing; and from the press of one Guttenberg the first printed Bible appeared in 1450. On the 8th of December 1631, the great Gustavus Adolphus, at the head of a victorious army, sat down before it, and summoned it to surrender; but it was not till the 13th of the same month that he succeeded in dislodging the garrison, which was composed of Spaniards, and took possession of the fortress. The Swedes remained masters of Mayence for five years, having sustained in that interval two successive sieges.

* On the destruction of this church in 1793, these doors were removed to the cathedral, where they now exist.

They were at length obliged to yield to Gallas, the commander of the army of the Catholics, this being the period of the war of the Reformation. In 1644, Mayence fell into the hands of the French, and, though with some intermission, continued under their rule till near the end of the century, when it was finally incorporated with the electorate of Hesse. Here follows a long series of years in which it enjoyed great prosperity, and acquired from its wealth and population the title of *La Ville d'Or*. With the year 1792 began a new series of calamities; in that year it was taken by the French; soon after, it was recovered by the Austrian army, and again taken, until, in the year 1797, it was ceded to France by the treaty of Campo Formio. After the famous battle of Leipsic, in 1813, Napoleon crossed the Rhine with his retreating army, and left a strong garrison, 30,000 men, in Mayence. In 1814 it was blockaded by the Russians, and, on the 4th of May 1814, by virtue of the peace concluded at Paris, the allied army took possession of it, the French troops marching out with the honours of war. Finally, at the congress of Vienna, Mayence was restored to the electorate of Hesse, with an entire sovereignty in civil matters, the administration of justice, and the finances. On the other hand, the citadel was declared a fortress of the Germanic con-

federation, and as such received a garrison composed of Austrians and Prussians in equal numbers. Thus the troops of Austria, Prussia, and of Hesse may be seen parading the streets at the same time; and thus at last, after a series of contests carried on for near two thousand years, the Germans remain masters of the field. This brief sketch of the history of Mayence, with little variety, may be applied to all the towns planted along the left banks of the Rhine; all were originally Roman stations, all have undergone a similar variety of reverses, and have terminated in becoming the property of those nations for whose subjugation they were originally designed.

LETTER V.

WORMS—SPIRE—STRASBOURG—JOUR DE FETE—BASLE.

Basle, *May* 16, 1826.

Our journey from Mayence to this place occupied six days, so that on looking at the map you will not be inclined to accuse us of flying over the ground, as some of our modern travellers do. Yet the country we passed through was far from being interesting; one wide expanse of corn ground meets the eye in every direction, which, in spring especially, is any thing but picturesque. North of Lauterbourg, however, (where we entered the French territories, and experienced the politeness which generally characterizes the French douaniers) we traversed a fine forest of three or four leagues in extent, and abounding in magnificent timber: it belongs to the King of Bavaria, and doubtless affords his majesty most excellent sport; while passing through it on a former occasion, towards the dusk of the evening, I saw some beautiful white deer close to the road side, which allowed us to come

within shot of them; and there can be little doubt that all other denizens of the forest are here in great numbers. The towns, such as Worms and Spire, retain the marks of ancient magnificence, the former especially has some palaces on a princely scale; but they have the appearance of being long time deserted by all who could well get away from them, and are *bien tristes*. The cathedrals at both these towns are noble edifices. I must not, however, class Strasbourg with Worms and Spire, the very entrance to it over draw bridges, through covered ways, and all the paraphernalia of a fortification, to say nothing of the call for passports, and the visiting of luggage, prepared us for something more than the ordinary run of towns; nor were we disappointed. There is nothing new at Strasbourg, every thing wears the appearance of respectable antiquity: the streets too are wide, and the signs of an abundant and active population met us on every side. The Place d'armes is a fine square: the shops present a rich display of goods, as if there were really people to buy them; and amongst the many I cannot help mentioning one containing most beautiful ornaments in polished steel, and gold and silver wire most exquisitely worked. The cathedral is a noble Gothic structure of the thirteenth century, the tower is a fine specimen of open work, and the windows are

extremely rich. We visited the Protestant Church, remarkable only for its neatness, and for the monument to Marechal Saxe, which is a fine composition. The warrior is represented in the prime of life, descending, with a firm aspect, a flight of steps, which terminate in the grave; the genius of France in the attitude of despair is holding him back by the skirt of his mantle, while the eagle of Prussia, and the Lion and Leopard of Belgium are seen crouching to him as he passes. What a noble minded man, thought I, must that have been! what a model of courage and virtue! and how disappointed was I afterwards on learning that he had died a victim to unbounded profligacy.—We left Strasbourg at three in the afternoon of the 13th, and stopped for the night at Benfeld, a small and very neat town. Our host was a large farmer, a keen sportsman, and moreover the master of the post; the apartments were comfortable and the fare good, but the continued baying of dogs, screaming of peacocks, gobbling of turkeys, crowing of cocks, cackling of hens, the arrival and departure of diligences, caused us to pass an almost sleepless night. At a village not far from Basle, we had an opportunity of observing the festivities attendant on a French *jour de fête*. Sterne astonished a French count, whom he visited at Fontain-

bleau, by telling him that the French were the gravest people he had ever met with, but what we saw here convinced me that he was right. In a wide part of the street was erected a wooden platform, raised about two feet from the ground, and near it a more elevated stand for the musicians; about fifty couple were upon it, revolving in the giddy mazes of a waltz, like so many pirouettes: the company consisted entirely of the lower orders, the *gens du pays*, decked out in all their holiday finery; all seemed to enter into the amusement with the greatest earnestness; not a word was exchanged between the partners, and all looked as serious as if they were dancing at a funeral. In the intervals of rest, some of the most gallant exerted themselves to pay compliments to their fair companions (if fair they may be called, who were as brown as berries and as ugly as——); but conversation did not seem to constitute any part of their day's amusement; however, it was delightful to observe in this crowd of persons of the lowest class, the strict propriety and decorum which reigned throughout; no drunkenness, no squabbling nor fighting, but all seemed harmony, and every one pleased at once with himself and all the world besides.

We are glad to find ourselves in Switzerland: there is a sturdy independant air in the Swiss, that

puts one much in mind of our own dear country. Basle has in its day been a place of importance; in the year 1431 it was the seat of a council for settling the affairs of the church, and being a frontier town, it has had to sustain many of the evils of war. Its cathedral is a fine, though sombre, Gothic edifice of the eleventh century, and amongst other tombs contains that of Erasmus. The hall in which the council sat is contiguous to the cathedral, and now contains some interesting antiquities.—The library affords a rich treat to the Bibliomaniac—it contains also many of Holbein's paintings and designs, amongst others a sketch, by the pen, of Sir Thomas More and his family, a very animated composition; and a painting of the Passion of our Lord, a most exquisite picture, and very valuable. There is also shown an edition of the *Laus Stultitiæ* of Erasmus, with marginal etchings by Holbein, which has been published. A garden belonging to Mr. Fischer the banker, and which he is always obliging enough to show, is well worth visiting: situated on an eminence overhanging the Rhine, it affords most delightful prospects of the surrounding country, in which the river forms always a prominent and most interesting object. It was a novelty to us in walking about Bâle, to see storks parading without molestation in the streets; their nests are generally to

be seen either on the church towers, or on the gable ends of houses, where they look like cradles. This bird is protected I believe by law, on the plea of its being very destructive to snakes and other reptiles.

LETTER VI.

THE JURA—HERMITAGE NEAR SOLEURE—SOLEURE—BERN—FRIBOURG.

Vevey, *May* 23, 1826.

Our first day's journey from Bâle was interrupted at Diestal, after a drive of only four hours, by the breaking of one of our springs, which compelled us to take up our quarters for the night at a small inn, where we tasted the first fruits of Swiss insolence and knavery. Our host seeing we were under the necessity of staying, made us pay for our beds about half as much more as would have been demanded of us at any hotel in Paris; and when I remonstrated, he coolly replied, that until I paid him his bill, he would not suffer my carriage to depart. What a difference of scenery between Switzerland and Alsace! It was without any regret that we took leave of the dull uninterrupted corn lands of the latter, and winded our way among the groves and meadows which supply their place in the former. The beauties of Switzerland, however, did not break upon us all at once. On leaving Basle, first, gent-

ly sloping hills presented themselves to our notice, their sides well clothed with wood, ornamented with neat villages and detached country seats, or farm houses. Beyond these rise more stately mountains covered with noble pine forests; and, lastly, the craggy heights of the Jura, jagged in the most fantastic manner, fringed with weather-beaten pines, and having very much the appearance of the remains of some ancient battlements. Our road lay across the Hauenstein, a continuation of the Jura; the ascent was very difficult, the road being very much neglected; nor was the descent much better. It opened upon us however a prospect of what may be called the garden at once and granary of Switzerland; extending east and south over the Cantons of Argau, Lucerne, and Bern, and terminated by the snow-clad summits of the mountains of the Oberland. We reached Soleure, or, as it is called, Solothurn, the evening of the second day from Bâle, and took up our quarters at the Couronne, one of the best inns on the continent. About two miles from the town is a hermitage, which we visited next morning before breakfast. The walk leads up a narrow dell, through a thick grove, and by the side of a purling stream, which we crossed repeatedly by means of rustic bridges, according well with the noiseless solitude of the scenery. Half an hour's

walking brought us to the hermit's den; we tapped gently at its door, and at the sound "entrez," lifted the latch and found ourselves in the presence of the venerable man. He was sitting with a black-letter book spread open before him, on a table furnished with a rude wooden crucifix. The old man, whose head was bald, but whose grey beard descended below his breast, received us with a pious welcome; and then rose to accompany us in visiting the several grottoes attached to his hermitage. These are many, and, at some period, when concealment probably was desirable, have been excavated with much labour. All of them contain some representation of our Lord's trials and sufferings, in which the figures are as large as life; there is one grotto in particular, intended to represent the burial place of our Lord, which I should certainly say had served as a model for the grotto of the *Hermit of* Engaddi, so beautifully described by the *talismamic* pen of the author of Waverly. We were admitted into it and allowed to walk round the inner inclosure, where lies a representation of the dead body of our Lord. Had all these painted images been omitted, and the grottoes left as they were found, we should have felt ourselves much better paid for our walk; and we should have come away with a much higher respect for the aged hermit, had we not

scented the rich perfumes of his morning draught of rum, from time to time; and had we not had good reason to believe that the employment in which we found him engaged, was a mere manœuvre, intended to deceive the unwary.

The Jesuits here have the finest church which Switzerland can boast. The architecture is Grecian, and it is approached by a magnificent flight of steps, ornamented with two fountains, one on each side, at the base. The interior proportions, not here (as in most Roman Catholic churches) spoiled by an excess of paltry ornaments, are quite on a par with the elegance of its exterior.

The armoury at Soleure is rich in suits of ancient armour: there is one room appropriated to an exhibition of the armour taken from the Burgundians at the battle of Morat. Twenty-two of them are ranged round a large table, intended to represent the twenty-two Swiss Cantons; but that is neither here nor there; the only thing remarkable about them is their immense size, leading one to form extraordinary notions of the gigantic forms who wore them. Should you ever come to this country, do not by any means omit to visit this armoury; and let me caution you to beware of the centinel you will find within, whose motions are very sudden and alarming, but who is, nevertheless, perfectly harmless:

and I would also warn you against a sturdy dwarf in armour at one end of a long corridor, who has a most disagreeable trick of spitting.

Of our journey from Soleure to this place I can add but little, as we began to grow weary of continued travelling, and thought more of the end of our journey than of the scenes we passed through in attaining to it. Bern is beautifully situated on an eminence, and is almost surrounded by the swift flowing, transparent Aar. The view from the Cathedral terrace is splendid to a degree, extending over the richest country you can imagine, and including in its range, the snow-white peaks of the Jungfrau, Silverhorn, Schreckhorn, and others of the Bernese Oberland. There is a neatness about the town itself, and an air of comfort about the arcades, affording shelter to the foot passenger against the scorching heat of the Summer, and the inclemencies of the Winter season, which are highly attractive. The society is said to be the best in Switzerland; but the publicity which vice is allowed to assume, does not give one a very exalted opinion of Bernese morality. Fribourg is one of the most singular towns imaginable; it is literally built upon a rock, and so difficult of access, that we all got out of our carriage, and it was really frightful to look back at the three horses drawing it, which seemed as though they

would fall every instant. The Jesuits have made this their strong hold, and from thence they disseminate their principles with a degree of perseverance and craft which is so peculiar to them. You have but to visit the booksellers shops to be aware of their restrictions on the liberty of the press; there nothing meets the eye but what those stingy purveyors of the mind will sanction. We were delighted beyond measure with the first view of the Lake of Geneva; not less for its real intrinsic beauty, than for the termination of our journey, which it indicated as near at hand. We are here lodged at the Three Crowns, and to-morrow we intend going in search of a house for the Summer.

LETTER VII.

HOUSE-HIRING—LA CAMPAGNE—ENGLISH CHURCH.

Vevey, *June* 15, 1826.

After writing my last Letter, our first business was to fix upon a suitable residence for the Summer months. In doing this, the difficulty consisted only in the choice; for we were amongst the earliest arrivals, and soon obtained a list of five or six country houses for hire. A wager was once laid between two Englishmen to this effect: One of the parties was exclaiming against the mercenary spirit of the Swiss gentry, and in confirmation of this fact, added, "I will take upon me to say, that any gentleman you will name at ———, whatever be his fortune or rank in society, will let his house in the country to me for any stated period; say six months." "I will stake L. 500 on Swiss pride," said his companion. The wager was made, and the parties set out together on their expedition to decide it. Immediately on arriving at ———, the impugner of Swiss dignity and honour addressed

himself to the person named. "I never have let my house," was the reply; "nor have I any intention of doing it now:" "but," rejoined the Englishman, "I have seen your house, was highly delighted with the situation, and I must have it; therefore name your price." This was too much; pride and dignity gave way before the irresistible influence of gold, and the honest Swiss replied, "well, if you really must have the place, and your heart is set upon it, I will no longer resist your importunities; thirty Louis a month, and the house is yours." The successful Englishman paid one hundred and eighty pounds, the rent for six months, in advance, and pocketed the remainder of his easily won gold. This anecdote, though affording a tolerably fair picture of the high respect for money, which, on a fair examination, will be found to predominate in the Swiss character, is nevertheless something, but only something of a caricature; as witness almost all the best country houses about Geneva and Lausanne, in the possession of English families; and witness the greater part of those about Vevey also, either in the same hands, or else totally unoccupied. After looking at a great many Campagnes, as they are called, some of which were too large, others too far from the Lake, and others again too small, we fixed upon the Campagne ——, about two miles

south of the town; and a very pleasant situation it is: we are about a quarter of a mile from the Lake, of which we have a charming view from our sitting-room windows: a large orchard of about two acres is immediately in front of our house, with a walk leading from our front door, which divides it in the middle, and conducts, under the shade of cherry trees (which are now beginning to be productive of something more than shade) to a pretty copice, which crowns the brow of a hill overlooking the Lake. Here we have a delightful summer-house and a terrace, commanding a most extensive prospect: at our feet, and extending as far west as the eye can reach, lays the broad expanse of the "clear and placid Leman;" immediately opposite, rise in gloomy majesty, the romantic rocks of Mellierie; on the right, the fertile hills of the Pays de Vaud covered with vines, and on the left the valley of the Rhone, bounded on one side by the lofty peaks of the Dent du Midi, whose snowy summit at sun-set resembles molten gold, and on the other by the rounded heads of the Dent de Morcles; while the centre of the back ground is occupied by a singular mountain called le Pain de Sucre, which is shaped exactly as its name indicates.

Soon after we were set'led in our rural abode, we had great pleasure in learning that the highly respect-

able minister of La Tour de Pelz, a village half a mile south of Vevey, had kindly offered the use of his church every Sunday, and as you will readily believe, it was with no less pleasure that I volunteered my assistance to another clergyman, who had already signified his intention of officiating. It is a calumny on English travellers, to say, as it is often said by narrow-minded people, who would have every body stay at home and nourish their home-bred prejudices in ignorance, that when they quit their native land, they leave behind them all respect for its religious institutions. I can affirm on the contrary, and that without fear of contradiction, that wherever opportunities are afforded them of attending divine worship in their own inimitable form, they take advantage of them with alacrity and eagerness, and attend with a regularity and devoutness which perhaps was unknown to them in England. Some perhaps will refer me to the theatres and saloons of Paris, Florence, &c. for a refutation of this honourable testimony to the good principles of my countrymen; and I cannot deny that in these places of fashionable resort, many of both sexes will be found, forgetting, in the infatuation of the moment, the institutions which they have been taught and commanded to respect. But I must humbly remark with regard to such people, that in

general they will be found to be those who, even in their own country, have been remarkable for their neglect of all religious duties. Many a one, no doubt, who has gone abroad with good intentions, has been seduced, by an unpardonable weakness, to take part in these amusements which their consciences pronounce to be criminal, have thus trodden under foot one of the best safeguards of religion, and from hence probably have to date a total estrangement from its consolatory ordinances. The best preventive to the seducing effects of open theatres, and open saloons, on the evening of the Sabbath, is certainly to be found in the regular performance of divine worship by English clergymen, in all places where there is a sufficient number of their countrymen to form a congregation. It is on this account I hail with much satisfaction the arrival of a duly consecrated protestant bishop on the continent, charged with the important task of superintending the performance of divine worship according to the church of England forms, in all those places where it is established, and of promoting it in those places where it is wanting. The appointment of a bishop has, to my certain knowledge, given a stimulus to the religious feelings of our countrymen, the effects of which are visible from Calais to Naples, and even Palermo and Messina; at which

two latter places, chaplains either are or are about to be appointed. And not to mention those capitals where we have a resident ambassador, at Tours, at Pau, at Bagneres and all the considerable outports of France, at Geneva, Lausanne, Vevey, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Vienna and Rome, an Englishman may now be assured of an opportunity of worshipping God in the way in which he has been educated, and which, after all the unmeaning pomp of the Roman Catholic ritual, and the too tame simplicity of the Calvinistic service, as exhibited in Switzerland, he cannot fail to value in a ten fold higher degree, than he could do when he knew of no other form than his own. I shall offer no apology for this long digression, satisfied that you will peruse it with interest and pleasure. We are beginning to plan excursions into the more mountainous regions of Switzerland, of which you shall have a succinct account, when they have been put into execution.

LETTER VIII.

EXCURSION TO CHAMOUNIX.

Vevey, *July* 31, 1826.

After a long continuation of rain, the weather at length cleared up about the fifteenth instant, and on the 18th, it having assumed a settled appearance, we set out on an excursion intended to include in its circuit, the salt works at Bex, Martigny, and the valley of Chamounix. After leaving behind us the villages of Clarens and Montrieux, so well known to all the readers of Rousseau's Eloise, (to which class however I have not the honour of belonging) we paid a passing visit to the Castle of Chillon. It is built upon a peninsular rock: it was originally a residence of the Dukes of Savoy, then, after the conquest of this country by the Bernese, the residence of the bailiff appointed by that canton, and now it is a species of arsenal where the few artillery stores belonging to this district are preserved. It has always served, when occasion required, as a state pri-

son; and in its *souterrain*, was confined, during five years, the intrepid Bonivar, bishop of Geneva. To this latter circumstance, and to the beautiful poem which Byron composed on the subject, it owes much of its present notoriety; though it must be confessed the noble author has borrowed very plentifully from the sources of fiction, and has mixed up with the story of Bonivar much that does not in any way relate to him. His Lordship's name is written on one of the

"Seven columns, massy and gray,"

report says, by himself, and is duly pointed out to all English visitors; and the Vaudois are certainly bound to entertain a grateful remembrance of the illustrious bard, if not to go farther, and erect a monument to his memory; for not one of his countrymen passes by the prison of Chillon, without paying it a visit, and of course, he is not conducted over it without fee or reward, and I should have no hesitation in affirming, that during the summer months little less than 100 francs is collected from them weekly; no inconsiderable item, let me observe, in the revenue of the canton. After passing Villeneuve, we entered the valley of the Rhone, which is here not less than six or eight miles in width; being exceedingly flat and

standing very little higher than the level of the Lake, it is frequently inundated and breeds noxious vapours, whose prejudicial effects are too plainly depicted in the sallow and swollen features of the lower order of inhabitants. Beyond Aigle, however, the scene changes much for the better: the country, (raised out of the reach of inundations, covered with luxuriant crops now nearly ripe for the sickle, and verdant meadows) by its smiling aspect, soon dispelled the gloom created in our minds by the disease-breeding tract we had just traversed; for, wherever these stagnant vapours prevail, they produce a painful sensation of drowsiness and lassitude in those who are unaccustomed to their influence. Shortly before reaching Bex, we observed on our right, the tower of St. Tryphon, and the singular island, it may almost be called, on which it stands. This is an isolated rock in the very centre of the valley, whose surface may be about fifty or sixty acres. On every side but one it presents a perpendicular wall of rock varying from eighty to a hundred and twenty feet in height: on the south side of it, where alone it is accessible, there stands a small hamlet, and at its north west angle, the tower of St. Tryphon commanding a very extensive prospect over the Lake and towards the upper part of the valley. The situation and form of this sin-

gular rock confirm the opinion entertained by M. de Saussure, that the lake of Geneva once extended much farther south than its present limits; and there is every appearance of this having been at some remote period an island, and its sides subjected to the action of running water. We soon entered the pretty village of Bex, with its neat baths and boarding houses erected for the reception of those who go to take the advantage of its sulphureous waters, which are strongly recommended to persons afflicted with disorders of the skin. We lost no time in hiring a carriage to convey us to the salt works which are situated in the mountains, and distant from Bex about a league and a half. The road winds along by the side of an impetuous torrent, forming in its progress many pretty falls, while every turn introduced some new beauty to our notice: after continually ascending for about an hour we came to the foot of the mountain, out of whose bosom the salt is extracted. Having procured a guide and some torches we entered the gallery, which penetrating the mountain, proceeds in a horizontal direction 4000 feet: it is cut in the solid rock, and is six feet and a half high by three feet and a half wide. After advancing about a hundred yards we began to feel some inconvenience from the cold and damp air of the gallery, having just left

an atmosphere of near eighty degrees of Fahrenheit, and did not think it either prudent or worth while to proceed beyond the largest chamber and the well. The former is one hundred feet long, sixty wide, and nine high, hollowed out of the solid rock. The well, also cut in the solid rock, is eight hundred feet deep; and we amused ourselves, for a short time, by rolling large sheets of paper into the shape of a cone, and, after setting fire to them, watching their descent, which occupied some minutes. At a depth of 400 feet, the well communicates with other galleries; to which indeed it affords the only access: we did not descend to them, but we were informed by the workmen that foul air did not exist in any part of the mine; and indeed the miners had all the appearance of the most vigorous health. On leaving the mine, we proceeded to the houses where the operation of extracting the salt from the water, conducted hither from the very centre of the mountain by means of pipes, is carried on; and if the immense galleries, spacious chambers, and deep well, which we had just left, impressed us with a deep sense of the perseverance and industry of the hardy mountaineers, we were here no less convinced of their ingenuity. With regard to such of the water as is very strongly impregnated with salt, the process is very simple: it is boiled, for some time, in immense cal-

drons, and then run off into spacious coolers, where the salt soon forms in crystals on the sides and bottom. But there is much of the water, which contains so little salt, that it is scarcely perceptible to the taste. The operation of boiling this would be endless, and, more than that, attended with enormous expense. In order, therefore, to get rid of the soft water, as they call it, and, at the same time, to retain the salt, the following simple yet ingenious process is adopted:—Vast sheds are constructed, about three hundred feet long, fifty wide, and one hundred high; they are open at the sides, and are erected in situations most exposed to the action of the sun and wind. The space in the centre is filled with faggots of fir-tree branches and thorns: the water is raised, by means of most ingenious pumps (some twenty or thirty of which are kept in perpetual exercise by the agency of four cubic inches of water falling on a wheel 34 feet in diameter), to the top of the building, and is there distributed with beautiful regularity over the whole surface of the faggots: through these, which, be it recollected, constitute a mass ninety feet high and twenty wide, the water filters, drop by drop, into a basin beneath. In its progress, the earthy particles it contains remain attached to the faggots in the form of stalactite, the soft water evaporates, and what reaches the

basin is as strongly impregnated with salt as the most productive which the mountain affords; it is thence conducted by pipes to the boilers, and is treated as the first. This operation is simple, but the effect is wonderful; the reservoirs for the reception of the water from the mountain, and for that which has undergone the process of evaporation, are close together; and the two are as different in taste as river and sea water. The quantity of salt produced from these works annually is a million and a half of pounds. On returning to Bex, at one o'clock, we partook of a *table d'hôte* dinner, and resumed our journey to Martigny, which we reached at an early hour in the evening. The Pass of St. Maurice, about a league beyond Bex, is an interesting point; the two opposite mountains, named the Dent de Midi and the Dent de Morcles, approach so near to each other at their bases, that there is barely room between them for the passage of the river and the road. A bridge, of one bold arch, connects the one mountain with the other, and there is only just space for the wheeling of a carriage at each extremity. This constitutes the division between the Cantons of Vaud and Vallais: each night the gate on the eastern side of the river is closed, and thus cuts off all communication between the two, except by

means of a silver pass-key, which all travellers are presumed to carry in their pockets. Nature has certainly pointed out this spot as an appropriate limit to the two Cantons, which were once two separate countries: but religion, or rather, the abuse of it, has constituted a much broader division, which is discernible in the features, manners, and dress of the Vallaisans. Than the Vaudois, there is hardly any where to be found a better dressed or a healthier peasantry. Cross the bridge of St. Maurice, and, in the short space of five minutes, you find yourself surrounded by the most filthy race of beings you can imagine; tattered garments and squallid countenances indicate the prevalence of poverty and its concomitant, disease; hosts of beggars flock round you and solicit alms with an earnestness, which nothing but actual starvation could give rise to; you are lost in astonishment at the sudden change. The explanation, however, is not far to seek; it is given in one word: the Vallaisans are Roman Catholics: not of the present day; for ignorance is now beginning to be considered as no longer an essential accomplishment of a good Catholic: but they are the Roman Catholics of the fifteenth century; sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and superstition, and in a state of degradation,

which it is impossible to contemplate without being touched with feelings of the tenderest pity for the unhappy beings themselves; and without being astonished, that a system should be permitted to continue, which manifestly produces so much human misery. Of this, the farther we advanced in the Canton du Vallais, the more we saw: each village we approached poured forth its swarm of beggars, wearing the appearance of the most abject distress: the lamentable effects of disease, more the result of filth than of climate, met our eyes in every direction; not confined to the bodies of its victims, but exhibiting itself in all the different gradations of idiotcy. But enough of this heart-rending picture,—I must hasten to conduct you to the termination of our first day's journey. After leaving St. Maurice about eight miles behind us, we were introduced on a sudden turn of the road, as it issues from the little village of Miville, to a magnificent water-fall, known by the name of the Pissevache. Its perpendicular height is estimated at three hundred feet; but long before reaching the edge of the precipice, it is seen rushing downwards from the heights above with a stupendous impetuosity, so that when it makes its last bound, it seems as though it would crush the earth on which it is to

fall. The noise is tremendous; crash follows crash in quick succession, each bringing with it a violent gust of wind, which conveys the agitated spray to a great distance. There are few things in the natural world more imposing than a fine waterfall: the thundering noise, the agitation of the atmosphere, the whiteness and delicacy of the foam, the irresistible rapidity of the water, and the perpetuity of all these, take complete hold on the imagination. We stood near the base of the fall for three quarters of an hour lost in admiration, and but for the approach of evening we could have contemplated this plaything of nature, for some time longer, with undiminished satisfaction. Proceeding a little farther, we observed on our right, a narrow and tortuous chasm, cleaving the mountain from top to bottom, and serving as a channel for the waters of a torrent named the Trient. This chasm appears to have been the work of an earthquake, so narrow is it, not exceeding from fifteen to twenty feet; while the faces of the rock on each side have all the marks of a sudden and violent separation. Endeavouring to penetrate into the mouth of the chasm, two of our party lost their hats, one was recovered after some difficulty, but the other sailed away in triumph to join the waters of the Rhone, and its owner was obliged to

proceed onwards to Martigny hatless. We reached that place at seven, and after securing mules and guides for the continuance of our route next day, betook ourselves, to our separate chambers, I cannot say, to rest, for the gnats and bugs put that quite out of the question.

LETTER IX.

CONTINUATION OF AN EXCURSION TO CHAMOUNI.

At half-past seven in the morning of the nineteenth, we set out towards Chamouni with three mules and two guides, myself being the only pedestrian of the party, the guides alone excepted. Immediately on leaving Martigny, the ascent to the Forclas (a Pass so called) begins, and continues without interruption for two leagues, always steep, but at times painfully so. For the first hour the shade of chesnut-trees renders the walk very agreeable, but after that the road is exposed entirely to the morning sun, which, in so narrow a valley, scorched us extremely. We had distinct and extensive views of the upper Vallais; but it is so wretched in appearance, being always more or less inundated by the unconfined waters of the Rhone, that we were not often tempted to turn round and dwell upon them. The wortleberries and strawberries which grew abundantly by the side of the path, served in some measure to

slake our thirst; for we were not yet sufficiently initiated in the mysteries of mountain-climbing, to be aware that the coldest water (of which there is always abundance), can be safely drank, provided the pedestrian immediately continues his route. But, perhaps, as few have the constitution of a hardy mountaineer, it is safest to mix with it a small quantity of spirits. On approaching the Pass of Forclas, which was to admit us to the valley of Trient, we observed some larch trees of a prodigious size, and, to judge from their appearance, of great age. They are not so regular in their growth as they commonly are in England, resembling more the irregularity of the oak, than the tapering symmetry of the fir-tribe. They are called in the patois of the country, *larz*. On gaining the height of Forclas, the first object which attracted our attention was the glacier of Trient: it is one of the most extensive in Switzerland; and we were very forcibly struck with the magnificence of its aspect, under a cloudless sun. After regarding it for some time with increasing interest, we were compelled to turn our steps downwards to the valley of Trient, which lay at our feet, and which contained the hamlet, where we were to expect refreshments. The descent was soon accomplished, and the contents of the cabin far exceeded what we were led to expect from its external

appearance. We had coffee, eggs, bread, butter, honey, strawberries, and most delicious cream; and after laying in a good store of such good things, and waiting till our mules had finished their repast, we began the ascent of the Col de Balme through the forest of Magnan. This is attended with much difficulty: the path is so steep, that if it were not for the roots of the pines, the soil would inevitably give way, and the ascent become impracticable. It was really surprising to observe the caution and adroitness of the mules, in ascending steeps that even a pedestrian does not find too easy: on approaching difficult passages, they stop short, and regard fixedly for a brief space, the difficulties they have to encounter; and when they appear to have made themselves perfectly acquainted with them, they move forward and do not again halt until they have reached a position of comparative safety. On these occasions it is necessary to give them their heads, and not to hurry them in the least, and then they seldom or ever make a false step. A guide who had followed his profession for thirty years, assured me he had never known a mule fall but once, and that was on level ground, and in the high road. After proceeding in a zig-zag direction through this forest for some time, containing the largest pines and larch trees I ever saw; while underneath, the ground was com-

pletely covered with the rododendron in full bloom, we found ourselves on the Col de Balme, a mountain without a tree, but covered with a beautiful green turf, forming an admirable pasture for the cows which are kept here, during the summer months in great numbers.—The countless pines and larch trees under whose shade we had been slowly advancing for more than two hours, are productive of but little profit to their owners: so little indeed, in consequence of the inaccessibility of their situation, that a proprietor of one of these large forests, on being asked once on the part of the British Government, at what price he would furnish timber for the bowsprits of a first rate, replied, that they might go into his forest, choose for themselves, and cut down as many as they pleased, at the rate of five batzen (about 7½d.) per tree: well aware that not one of them could be moved beyond the precincts of the valley in which it had grown. A few are annually felled for cutting up into planks, and supplying fuel for the neighbouring villages; and now and then a still, for extracting spirits of turpentine from their juice, may be observed at work; its situation being distinguished by a thin spiral column of smoke, as it is seen slowly curling upwards from the dense mass of trees: the rest are left to time and the elements for destruction. Hence you see some lying prostrate almost decayed to pow-

der, and being converted again into soil; others still retaining their upright posture, but stripped of their bark, and stretching their blanched and giant limbs to the tempests—the dead among the living: altogether they constitute a wild but interesting scene. Before reaching the summit of the mountain, we stopped at a cow-herd's cabin, and drank each a bowl of most excellent cream, which we converted into syllabub, by pouring into it a small quantity of brandy: for though cold water may be perfectly safe in its pure and unadulterated state, the same cannot be said of cream.—On reaching the cross which stands at the highest point of the Pass, the prospect which burst upon us was truly magnificent: thence we saw, glaciers, mountains covered with eternal snow, aiguilles, as they are called, with their bare and pointed peaks piercing the clouds, and with their almost perpendicular sides defying the efforts of man to scale them. But the great sire of mountains, Mount Blanc, with his mantle of snow was absent: an envious cloud encircled his hoary head and effectually concealed him from our view. Taken all in all this is perhaps one of the finest mountain views in Switzerland, yet there is something wanting: it is nature in its grandest form; but it is inanimate nature; not a living thing, not a human habitation is visible, with

the exception of the distant village of Chamouni, which is barely distinguishable: it might be the earth, at that period of its creation, when God commanded the "waters under heaven to be gathered unto one place and the dry land to appear:" such and so magnificently confused a scene do the mountains on mountains, and rocks on rocks present as seen from this spot, elevated as it is 7000 feet above the level of the sea.—During the preceding part of the day, we had been suffering a good deal from heat; but here we found ourselves exposed to so cold and chilling a wind, that we were compelled to quit the contemplation of so much grandeur, and to proceed onwards that we might reach Chamouni before night-fall: which we did, after passing close to the glaciers of Tour, Argentine, and Bois, about half past six o'clock, somewhat fatigued with our journey, though much delighted with the occurrences of the day. The distance is called nine leagues, and we were just nine hours *en rout*, not including two hours rest at Trient.

July 20.

At eight o'clock, we sallied forth to ascend Mount Anvert, and from thence to visit the *Mere de Glace*. The face of the mountain towards Chamouni is so abrupt that it was only by continually describing the letter z that we reached its summit, two thousand five hundred feet, or nearly half a mile in perpendicular height above the level of the valley. Guided in our expectations, by the glowing descriptions of the Mere de Glace which we had read, no less than by our own fertile imagination, no wonder the first glimpse we obtained of it, on rounding the summit of Mount Anvert, dissappointed us. The crystal-like transparency which naturally attaches to the idea of ice, was wanting; the surface resembling more the appearance of snow, after it has long been under the influence of a thaw, and being of a dirty white colour. Our disappointment, however, was soon absorbed in wonder and admiration when we found ourselves upon it; for until then we had formed no adequate notion of its extent. You must often have observed the agitation

of the sea during a storm, where it breaks upon a rocky shore: the receding and advancing waves meeting in hostile array, and, being nearly equal in magnitude, neither gives way to the other; but each endeavouring, as it were, to be uppermost, they rise and rise, until their accumulated mass, becoming too heavy to be longer sustained in air, they fall together, and appear to continue the struggle for ascendancy, until they are both of them merged in another coming wave. Suppose this troubled mass in a moment converted into ice, and you have an exact resemblance of the Mere de Glace. Frightful chasms present themselves in every direction; their edges rounded and smooth as glass, they look like pitfalls for the unwary: and woe be to him who allured by the rich azure colour of their inner recesses, approaches too near to gratify his curiosity—such is their depth, that of the many, who from time to time have fallen into them, I never yet heard of one who had been rescued alive. There was something so novel in the scene which surrounded us; something so unlike the usual processes of nature, for though we stood upon a mass of ice, not less than three hundred feet thick, three miles in width, and extending many leagues in length, yet within a hundred yards of us all the vegetable kingdom seemed to be in its glory; something so marvellous in such a vast ac-

cumulation of ice under the powerful influence of a cloudless sun, that the first feeling it gave rise to in our breasts was that of wonder and astonishment. But on coming to contemplate the vast utility of these phenomena of nature, that they constitute the inexhaustible store houses, whence all the great rivers of continental Europe are supplied with an unsparing hand during the droughts of summer, it was impossible not to exclaim inwardly with the Psalmist, "How marvellous are thy works, O God! in wisdom hast thou made them all."—We left this interesting scene with reluctance, and after partaking of some refreshment, in a neat cottage which has been erected on Mont Anvert for that purpose, we again descended to Chamouni, and after giving ourselves and our mules half an hour's rest, we set out to visit the pyramids of ice, which stand nearly at the base of the *Glacier des Bossons.* The approach to them is through a wood of alder trees, between whose branches we got occasional glimpses of the pyramids, rising far above the highest of them: after getting clear of the trees, we had to cross a vast mound of stones and mud, accumulated by the downward progress of the glacier, and then found ourselves within thirty yards of the pyramids, quite as near as it was prudent to go, as portions of them were continually becoming detached,

and falling about their bases. We here had a full view of them, as they rose in towering majesty above our heads: they are of a clear azure colour, and towards their summits beautifully transparent: from the constant action of the sun upon them, their surface is perfectly smooth and glassy, and of a dazzling brightness; and I can only compare them to so many gigantic crystals: they vary in height from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. A similar phenomenon does not I believe exist in any other of the numerous glaciers of Switzerland, and as the most experienced philosophers have failed in finding an adequate cause for their formation, I shall not expose myself to your censure in endeavouring to account for them by any speculations of my own. Placed at the foot of this glacier, which extends downwards from Mount Blanc itself, they seem to constitute a sort of barrier to its farther progress, and to prevent its rushing with destructive impetuosity into the peaceful valley beneath.—The evening was beautifully fine, and after dinner we went and posted ourselves near the church of Chamouni to watch the effect of the setting sun on Mount Blanc: as it approached the horizon, the brilliant whiteness of the snow assumed gradually a richer and richer colouring, until at length it became one mass of deep pink, exquisitely shaded towards its lower ex-

tremity. This retained undiminished splendour for at least a quarter of an hour; then, as the sun gradually sank below the horizon the richness of colouring insensibly decreased, and at length terminated in a dead whiteness, which it was quite chilling to behold: I could not help comparing these successive changes, to the hectic flush, which marks the victims of mortal disease; the gradual diminution of this unearthly brilliancy by the rapid progress of the disorder, and the chilly paleness of death. It was now dark where we stood, but Mount Blanc still received on its lofty head, the influence of the bright luminary, long after it had sunk below the horizon.

LETTER X.

RETURN FROM CHAMOUNI.

Vevey, *July*, 1826.

We turned our backs on Chamouni at a quarter past 7 o'clock, on the twenty first, having previously taken a "long last look" of the Sire of mountains, whose showy mantle shone as bright as an unclouded sun could make it. After proceeding about an hour and a half along the road by which we had first entered this most interesting valley, we turned to the left, and soon found ourselves in the Val-orsine, which conducts to the Pass of the Tête Noire. At its entrance this valley is by no means prepossessing, and affords a melancholy contrast to the smiling and majestic scenery we had just left. It is narrow, and presents nothing on either side but bare and barren rocks, with scarcely herbage enough to sustain the few half starved goats and cows, we saw straggling about, wherever they could obtain a footing. The village of Valorsine, which we traversed, extends nearly a league in length, and though com-

posed only of wooden cottages, or block houses, as they would be called in America, it is not without some interest, situated, as it is, in the midst of a region of so sterile and inhospitable an aspect. No sooner however had we cleared the village, than by a gentle turn of the valley towards the south, we were introduced to a change of scene, as beautiful, as it was unexpected. On crossing the rivulet, (the Trient), we entered a grove of pines, and continued skirting its right bank under the agreeable shade they afforded. Frequent openings between the trees, disclosed to us the opposite side of the valley, beautifully wooded as that on which we were: and at one of these openings we caught a view of a fine cascade, called *la barberine*, falling from a great height, and losing itself in a grove of fir trees. Nothing but want of time deterred us from paying it a visit. As we penetrated farther into the valley, the scenery became more and more imposing. In some places it is little more than a stone's cast wide; the mountains on each side seem as if they had been agitated by some violent convulsion of nature; enormous masses of rock lay piled one above the other in most frightful confusion; threatening in all appearance to leave their resting-places and plunge into the abyss beneath, bearing havoc and destruction in their course: yet so they have seemed for centuries, as the im-

mense pines growing from between them abundantly testify. There is one mass of rock in particular which actually overhangs the road, and occasionally serves as a resting-place for such travellers as are bold enough to seek for repose under what may crush them to atoms in a moment; for it rests, apparently at least, only on one angle. An English Countess was so taken with it, that she ferreted out the owner of the district, purchased this isolated rock, and has placed on it an inscription, proclaiming her right to it, and speaking of the pleasure she had derived during a sojourn of some days in its romantic vicinity. It must have been a high treat to have been present at the bargain; how the astonished mountaineer's eye-brows must have been elevated when it was proposed to him to sell some odd thousand tons of rock, which he knew it was impossible to remove! As we proceeded onwards, the wildness of the scenery increased; at times we wound our way under impending rocks, where the rays of the sun had never penetrated; the next minute found us in some open sunny glade, the ground literally carpeted with strawberry beds, producing an abundance of richly-flavoured fruit, such as I never saw or tasted in the most highly-cultivated garden. At times we could see the foaming torrent so immediately beneath us, that a single false step

would have precipitated us into its rocky bed, from a height of six or seven hundred feet: at times we could only discern its situation by the loud roaring of its agitated waters, as they went plunging along over opposing rocks, which, instead of retarding their progress, only increased their impetuosity. But I feel the absurdity of endeavouring to give you even a faint description of this mountain pass: it contains all that is beautiful, all that is grand, and all that is terrible in nature: and as an Italian traveller has expressed himself, there can be "niente di piu maestoso, niente di piu imponente, niente di piu sentimentale, che il Passeggio detto del Tete Noire." We reached the village of Trient at one o'clock, Martigny at half-past four, Bex at eight in the evening, and our maison de campaign, near Vevey, at one o'clock on the following day; having employed five days on this most delightful excursion.

I will conclude my letter with a few observations relative to the system now in force for providing travellers with mules and guides. To prevent imposition, the Swiss and Piedmontese governments have taken the management of these matters entirely out of the hands of individuals, and have enacted laws for their regulations, which, in the long run, no doubt, are advantageous to the traveller. The prices are fixed, being for a mule six francs a-day, and the same for

a guide. The mules being still the property of individuals, pass under the review of an officer, styled *chef guide,*" at stated periods, when such as are past work, or are considered on any account unqualified for their labour, are struck off the list. The guides are regularly enrolled, and are generally men of unimpeachable character; many of them possessing, at the same time, a vast deal of information and intelligence, which is highly useful to those who are unacquainted with the various phenomena that are continually occurring in mountainous countries. Public good however is often attended with partial evil; one of the regulations adopted by both governments is, that the mules or guides of the one country, shall not be employed in the other: that is to say, mules and guides, hired at Martigny, cannot be made use of in visiting the interesting points about Chamouni; and *vice versa.* By this we were sufferers. When we addressed ourselves to the chief guide at Martigny, for mules and guides to Chamouni, he inquired when we proposed returning. I answered, that it was our intention to remain one day there, and return on the day following. "Then," said he, "you must pay for three days." This appeared to me extremely reasonable, and I therefore made no objection. But when we reached Chamouni, we found that our Martigny mules and guides were there of no use to

us whatever; and were under the necessity of procuring a fresh set; though we were all the time paying for those which had conducted us thither, and which were remaining all the day idle. The number of guides at Chamouni is about forty: each goes out in his turn; and as some are more sought after than others, in consequence of their greater experience or superior knowledge, if the traveller wishes to have the privilege of choosing, he must pay an additional fee of three francs a-day, which is placed in a fund, for the benefit of them all. Nothing could exceed the civility and attention we received from our guides on all occasions; and this is the character they generally bear.

LETTER XI.

EXCURSION TO THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

Vevey, *Sept.* 1826.

THE heat which prevailed during the month of August, accompanied as it was by frequent thunder storms, and a generally unsettled state of weather, made us glad to remain at home, and defer our meditated expedition to the Bernese Oberland till the more settled autumnal season should set in. This appearing to be the case early in the present month, we resumed our mountain poles, and, on the morning of the eleventh, commenced our march under the best possible auspices. After crossing the ridge of mountains, which serve as a skreen to the lake at its eastern extremity, and rise from three to five thousand feet above the level of its surface, we descended into a secluded valley on the other side, watered by the Sarine, a noisy torrent, which falls into the Aar below Berne. The meadows, as we neared the valley, with an unrivalled richness of verdure, and only interrupted by dark-coloured

groves of the sombre pine, contrasted very agreeably with the bare and sterile rocks we had just left. It was the season of the second hay harvest, the fields were peopled with mowers and hay-makers, and the scene was one of singular gaiety and animation. So populous is this little fertile vale, that the villages run almost one into another; the houses are all of wood, and very picturesque in form. The inhabitants are an industrious race, habituated, from their earliest childhood, to useful labour. In order to encourage early habits of industry, or perhaps in obedience to long established custom, the village schools are abandoned during the summer months; when the school-master and his scholars are considered to be more usefully employed in the labours of husbandry. The men and boys are chiefly employed, during summer, in the high mountains, tending the cows, and performing all the operations of the dairy: some portion of them occasionally descending into the valley, when the women require their assistance in the hay or corn harvest. During the winter, their chief occupation is still, with the cattle, which are then housed, and in bringing down hay and fuel from the mountains, which they do by means of sledges. Towards the latter end of May, the cattle are conducted to the mountain pastures with much ceremony, forming, sometimes, proces-

sions extending nearly a mile in length. The bull leads the way, with an enormous bell suspended from his neck, by means of a leathern belt, about twelve inches broad, and richly ornamented. The largest and handsomest cows of the herd then follow by pairs, distinguished from the rest by the size of their bells and the decoration of the belts which support them. Behind these comes a succession of waggons, containing dairy utensils, furnaces and coppers for making cheese, beds, chairs and tables, and some supply of provisions; then follows the rest of the herd, amounting, perhaps, to a hundred or more head of cattle. Each animal is furnished with a bell, so you may imagine what a din they keep up. What with the lowing of the cattle, the dingling of bells, men shouting, and dogs barking, I think I never heard more inharmonious sounds; and yet there was much that was cheerful and exhilarating in the scene. Of these processions, we saw many on our journey towards Vevey in the month of May. When the cattle are first turned out, the lower mountain pastures are alone fit for their reception, the upper ones being still partially covered with snow: but they advance upwards as the warmth increases and the snow recedes; until, during the months, July, August, and September, their range extends over the summits of the high mountains:

and from these they are only driven by the rain and cold of autumn. Again their retreat is gradual, and, eating their way downwards, they leave little behind them for winter to destroy; and, on finally descending into the warm and sheltered valleys, they find ready for them, as a sort of *bon bouche*, a fine growth of after-grass, which sends them fat into their winter stalls. In our progress up the valley, we passed through the large and populous villages of Chateau d'Œx and Rougemont. The latter contains a building, near the church, of great extent and antiquity: it was formerly a convent, and the very one, I have every reason to believe, in which was established the first printing press in Switzerland. Singular, that from so secluded a valley should have issued the means of spreading knowledge and civilization among people, who probably never heard that such a place existed! "Grand Seigneurs" in this tranquil valley there are none: he is the richest man who makes most cheeses; while the person, in each village, of the greatest influence is the clergyman; whose labour, if he do his duty, must equal that of the meanest of his flock; for the parishes are very extensive, and proportionally populous. The churches are large and clean, and the internal arrangements exceedingly simple. The houses of the farmers and their labourers are alike built of wood, and differ

only in size and external decoration, the form being universally the same. The gable end is always the principal front, and is generally provided with a balcony, over which the roof projects eight or ten feet, serving as well to break the force of the summer's sun and winter's storm. The wood work is sometimes richly carved, or painted with some quaint device; while each house is furnished with a quotation from scripture, generally importing the owner's trust in a superintending Providence. We reached Gessenai about seven o'clock, and were waited on at supper by a poor Englishwoman, who had married a Swiss peasant, formerly in our artillery service; but who, on the return of peace, sought again his native valley, (having been long enough absent from it to acquire a distaste for its peaceful occupations;) with a wife unacquainted with the manners and habits of the people among whom she was to live, and burdened with a numerous family: I need not tell you that poverty and wretchedness is now their lot: the woman received, with unfeigned gratitude, a small present we made up amongst us; and were this valley much frequented by our wandering countrymen, she would soon no doubt be placed out of the reach of want by their charitable donations. We left Gessenai early the ensuing morning in a waggon furnished with two swing seats, and

drawn by one horse. After crossing a high alp, as it is called, or ridge of mountain pastures, which divides the valley of the Sarine from that of the Simmen, we reached a considerable village named Zweisimmen, because two (in German, *Zwei*) branches of that river meet here. This is the beginning of the Simmenthal, or valley of the Simmen, which, at each step, becomes more and more beautifully picturesque. From hence to Wimmis, a distance of six leagues, it is a continuation apparently of one village; so thickly is the smiling valley planted with cottages. It is extremely narrow in some places, and the great difficulty of gaining space for a road between the mountain and the torrent, enhances much the merit of the engineer, who has succeeded in constructing a most admirable one along places, that some years ago would have been pronounced inaccessible to any but the goat herd and his wandering flock. The productions of this valley, as well as that of the Sarine, are chiefly pastoral. Of corn they hardly produce sufficient for the local consumption. But they have a remarkably fine breed of cattle, and their horses are much sought after, though the prices of the very best vary only from eight to ten pounds. At Boltigen, is the largest wooden house in all Switzerland: it belongs to and was recently erected by a *Paysan* (a title corresponding

to our *yeoman*) said to be worth thirty thousand pounds, a fortune considered by his neighbours as quite princely. At this village I strolled into the church-yard while our horse was eating a feed of corn, where I was soon joined by the minister, whom I had just before seen dividing an apple between two of his children as they played before his door. He could speak no French, I could speak no German, so our conversation, such as it was, was carried on in Latin. He seemed proud of his church, which I found exceedingly neat and clean. When he showed me the font, which bore the marks of great antiquity, I asked him if it was their custom to make use of the sign of the cross in baptism: he replied in the negative, and defended its disuse, by saying that though the action was in itself indifferent, yet that the ignorant might attach an importance to it which it did not merit. He spoke feelingly of the great ignorance prevailing in the Catholic Cantons, but candidly acknowledged that many of the Catholic clergy were now zealously exerting themselves in spreading the knowledge of divine truth. As we approached Wimmis, where the Simmenthal terminates and expands into an extensive champagne country, all exit seems to be precluded, by a huge mass of rock, which is at least six hundred feet high; and so strange is its position in the very centre of

the valley, that it seems planted there by other than nature's hands. Exit however there is, though an exceedingly narrow one, and when fairly clear of it, we paused for a moment to look back upon it. Two prodigious mountains, one on each side, seem to guard the entrance, like giant sentries: while between them rushes impetuously the Simmen, which is spanned by a very fine bridge of one elliptic arch: all farther insight into the valley is arrested by the the central mass spoken of above, and the entrance seems altogether to be so mysteriously closed, that it is impossible to behold it and not wish to penetrate beyond. From hence we soon arrived at the castle of Spietz, beautifully situated on a promontory, overlooking the lake of Thun. We here embarked, and after a two hours row landed at Neuhaus; where we found from fifteen to twenty voituriers eagerly contending for the honour of conveying us to Interlaken, distant about three miles. We settled the dispute by stepping into the nearest one, and were soon rapidly conveyed to our resting place for the night. We found the inn at Interlaken all but filled with our country-men and women. After supper some peasants, who were permitted to post themselves in an open balcony near the eating room, favoured us with some of their mountain ballads, executed in a style of excellence, which sur-

prised us. The peasants of this part of Switzerland are famed for their musical and vocal talents: the voices of our little choir, consisting of five or six of both sexes, were very good, they kept to their parts remarkably well, but there was a melancholy character about their music which soon drove me to my bed; this I found so extremely uncomfortable, that I could hardly sleep; it was in fact, a miniature plan of the country we had been traversing, during the day, all hill and dale.

LETTER XII.

CONTINUATION OF AN EXCURSION TO THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

Vevey, *Sept.* 1826.

INTERLAKEN, as its name indicates, stands, and that about midway, between two lakes, viz. those of Brienz and Thun. The plain which surrounds it is one of extreme fertility, and thickly studded with fruit trees of every description, of which the walnuts attain an unusual size. Independent of its own individual attractions, which are many in point of scenery and climate, it is much resorted to, as affording excellent head-quarters for those who wish to take the beauties of the Bernese Oberland in detail; the valleys of Meyringen, Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen being all within the compass of a day's ride. So great is the influx of strangers to this village, that besides a large hotel, there are established two spacious boarding houses, affording excellent apartments and good living, at the moderate rate of three francs and a half for each person per diem. We set out from thence on the 13th, at an early hour, for Lauter-

brunnen. After about half an hour's drive we found ourselves within the valley of Leutschen, with high and precipitous rocks on each side of us. As we advanced, the distant glaciers emanating from the Jungfrau opened upon our view, one after another, and under very great advantage, for they were rendered superbly brilliant by the rays of an unclouded sun. The Leutschen which rushes along this romantic valley abounds in very fine trout, which are taken in the following singular manner. The fisher stations himself on the edge of the torrent at a point where the rush of water is most impetuous: he is armed with a spear, having three prongs, and stands prepared to strike the fish in their passage up or down the stream; the occupation must either be a very irksome one, or one of intense interest, to atone for the weariness of standing for hours over a roaring torrent, and keeping the eye intently fixed upon its rushing waters. I only wonder they do not fall into it from giddiness and stupefaction. We saw several men thus employed as we passed up the valley, who look like so many lifeless statues, for they never move but to strike, and allow no extraneous objects to divert their attention. We reached Lauterbrunnen at nine o'clock, and having ordered breakfast to be got ready, set out in search of the celebrated cascade, called the Staubach; a quar-

ter of an hour's walk brought us to its base. The fall in perpendicular altitude is said to be nine hundred feet: but at this time the quantity of water was so small, as to detract very materially from the reputation which this cascade bears in the accounts of tourists: the effect however was nevertheless very beautiful, for what little water there was being completely converted into spray, there were rainbows formed at several different points of the descent, which gave a pleasing kind of animation to the strange phenomenon of a silent waterfall, for it reaches the ground without occasioning a much louder noise than does a heavy shower of rain: so well does it deserve its title of Staubach, which signifies *dust-fall*. Soon after ten o'clock, we began our march over the Wengern Alp. The most interesting feature belonging to this passage is the *Jungfrau*, so called from its summit of *virgin* whiteness, which presents itself in awful majesty to the astonished gaze of the traveller, who sometimes can hardly believe that it is not actually just over his head, though in reality, he never approaches within a league and a half of its base. It rises to the height of 12,872 feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea; 10,432 above the valley of Lauterbrunnen. The glaciers which emanate from it are extremely pure; much more so than those we had seen in the valley

of Chamouni. At a hut situated just over against the Silver-horn, one of the summits of the Jungfrau, and near the highest point of our passage, we stopped to take some refreshment and repose, and during our frugal meal (which however consisted chiefly of most luxurious cream) enjoyed a most delightful view of this finest of mountains: it was impossible to grow weary of admiring its resplendent grandeur. Three times during our short repose the atmosphere resounded and seemed to tremble under the influence of avalanches of ice: one only was visible to us; the rest probably were plunged into the gaping crevices of the glaciers. The avalanche we saw had exactly the appearance of a foaming cataract; so completely was the ice reduced to powder, by striking against opposing rocks. During summer, for an hour before and after noon, in fine weather, these phenomena are of daily occurrence. And in these alpine solitudes, surrounded by mountains which seem to claim relationship with the blue expanse of heaven, the effect produced by these thunder-like explosions is very sublime. The snow-capped mountain, out of the reach of man's soaring ambition (for none yet has been hardy enough to attempt scaling the Silver-horn) looks like a world of itself; and the thunder of its avalanches is, as the language in which it asserts its superiority over the regions which lay

extended at its base. On our descent to the valley of Grindelwald, in traversing a gloomy, romantic forest, we were way-laid,—not by a troop of armed banditti,—but by two little girls who might be about twelve years old, neatly dressed, and so strongly resembling each other in size and features, that they were probably twins. As we drew near to them, they began to warble one of their sweet mountain ballads; and so well were their voices attuned, that we stood and listened to their simple melody for some time. After depositing our knapsacks at the inn at Grindelwald, we set out to examine a glacier, about twenty minutes walk from the village. Our object was, to notice what we had neglected to do in the valley of Chamouni, the river issuing from beneath the ice. It rushes out with great impetuosity from a vast cavern at the foot of the glacier. The mouth is a very perfect arch about thirty feet high, and having a span of about forty feet; our guide pointed out to us the danger of approaching too near to it, there being huge masses of ice projecting from the roof and sides of the cavern, which appeared ready to fall every moment. Curiosity, however, prompted me to overstep the bounds of prudence, and to penetrate within the precincts of the cavern: but all beyond was darkness and confusion; immense blocks of ice lay

here and there in the bed of the torrent, which, by impeding its course, only served to increase its impetuosity. As we stood at the foot of the glacier, it presented to us a perpendicular face about one hundred feet high; but seen from a short distance, when the whole of its altitude is taken in at one *coup d'œuil*, it appears to rise to a height of at least seven hundred feet. We returned to our inn at half-past five, sat down with most rustic appetites to a good dinner, and as we afterwards drank our coffee, were serenaded in very good style by a party of five or six peasants, who had posted themselves under our windows for that purpose. The distance from Lauterbrunnen to Grindelwald is seven leagues, and we walked it in about so many hours: the highest point of the passage being 3844 feet above the level of the valley from whence we started.

LETTER XIII.

CONTINUATION OF AN EXCURSION TO THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

Vevey, *Oct.* 1826.

EARLY on the morning of the fourteenth, we resumed our march, having before us, for our day's excursion, the passage of the Scheideg, rising about three thousand feet above the village where we slept; and after that a drive of twelve miles to Brienz. We found the ascent from Grindelwald by no means difficult, and accomplished it easily in three hours: we had delightful views of the valley behind us, abounding in the rarest domestic beauties, as well as of the rugged mountains which hem it in on every side: and visited a glacier which lay about a mile out of our path, possessed however of no particular interest. Having attained the higest point of the passage, we directed our steps to a cow-herd's cabin, where we feasted as usual on the productions of the mountain pastures. We then began to descend, and after proceeding onwards about half an hour, entered a vast forest of pines, through the openings of which we

had frequent views of the Wetter-horn and Schreckhorn, raising their snow-white heads high above the clouds, on our right. On one of these occasions we were fortunate enough to see a very fine avalanche of ice, which being precipitated from a height of seven or eight hundred feet down the rugged face of the mountain, resembled, as I have before observed, a magnificent water-fall, though in noise, it exceeded every thing short of the loudest thunder: it continued for the space of a couple of minutes, and completely rivetted our attention. But by far the most interesting portion of the descent from the Scheideg to Meyringen, is the secluded valley of Rosenlaui. It consists of a large open glade in the midst of the forest, hemmed in on two sides by lofty mountains, and on the remaining two by screens of the dark and sombre pine. The weather was most auspicious, it being one of those clear, still, balmy days, which are to be met with only in autumn. And as we lay at full length, in the centre of the glade, on the rich mossy carpet which invited to repose, the only sound which met our ears, was the distant roaring of cataracts; of these, two only were visible, and they were partly hidden by the lofty pine groves upon which they seemed to fall: the one on the south side of the valley chiefly attracted our attention; for behind it rose an amphitheatre of glaciers, terminating in the lofty rid-

ges of the Wetter-horn and Mettenberg, broken into the most fantastic forms, and presenting a succession of Aiguilles vying with each other in elegance and lightness of symetry. The glaciers, which, from different points, converge to the base of the amphitheatre, present a surface so abrupt, that it seems as if nothing could prevent their united mass from rushing headlong, and converting the verdant and peaceful valley into a scene of havoc and desolation: its downward progress is however effectually restrained by a prodigious rock, itself a mountain, which is planted as it were on purpose at its base: this being crowned with pines, forms a striking contrast to the splendid scene which it terminates. After some time spent in unmingled admiration of the whole scene, in order that we might survey the glacier and its accompanying scenery more in detail, we had to surmount the huge opposing rock, a work attended with some fatigue, which, however, was amply compensated for by the wonders which nature here exposed to our view. We first directed our steps to a vast grotto formed in the solid mass of ice. A beautifully turned arch-way conducts to its inner recesses, whose beauties no language can express. It is quite a fairy palace; the roof and sides are of the purest and most transparent ice, of a fine azure colour: at the further extremity rushes

an impetuous torrent, with a noise like thunder, loses itself again under the foundation of the glacier, and finally forms the cataract which we had seen from the glade beneath. We were soon driven from admiring the beauties of the grotto, by the extreme cold, not less than by the continued dripping from the roof. On emerging from it, we saw a succession of water-falls, which had previously escaped our notice, rushing down a narrow glen from the mountains above: it is the water of this torrent, which, having worn itself a passage under the glacier, shows itself in the grotto, again loses itself in unfathomable chasms,—then, issuing from its secret path, shoots over the edge of a precipice, falls headlong into the valley, and there is seen winding onwards its peaceful way, as if weary of its recent agitated course. We dwelt on the grandeur of the scenery which lay beneath, and all round us, with unwearied pleasure, and, at last, only hurried away lest we should be too late to see the falls of the Reichenbach. Within a very short period, there has been established, in the valley of Rosenlaui, a tolerably good boarding house, for the immediate convenience of invalids who go there to take advantage of the baths of sulphureous water: but I know of no place in Switzerland that I would so willingly fix upon for the abode of a few weeks, as this, on which na-

ture seems to have bestowed the choicest of all her various gifts. On looking at our watches, we found that we had but a very short time left us for descending to the Reichenbach before sun-set; we therefore made a forced march of it, and accomplished the distance in half an hour short of the time it usually occupies; and were rewarded for our extra exertion, by seeing the falls to the greatest possible advantage. The body of water, which we found very considerable, finds its way into the river Aar, which waters the valley of Meyringen, by seven successive falls; the first is three hundred feet in perpendicular height, the others varying between one and two hundred. Its course is fringed with trees of various descriptions, which sometimes partially conceal it from view. It is, as the French express it, *de toute beauté*, and only yields, in my estimation, to the falls of Terni in Italy. The valley of Meyringen, extended at our feet, next attracted our attention, with its numerous cascades, all hastening to pay their tribute to the Aar: of this it must suffice to say, that it is among the most picturesque of the Bernese Oberland. We were not sorry to find ourselves once more on level ground, after having been on foot among the mountains for about nine hours. To the no small chagrin of the landlord of the inn at Meyringen, we only staid to

change our dress, and then immediately proceeded in a carriage to Brienz. Of our drive I can say little; for, owing to the fatigues of the day, we were soon "locked in slumber's arms," and were only wakened by the pattering of a heavy rain upon the roof of our carriage, which almost immediately stopped at the door of the inn at Brienz, where, owing to the great number of tourists from various countries, we had some difficulty in procuring beds. Nothing could have been more delightful than our this day's walk; the atmospere was singularly clear, so long as its clearness was of any importance to us, and the scenery such as we dare not expect to enjoy again, unless by a repetition of the same tour.

Our journey on the following day (the fifteenth) was so easy, being performed for the most part by water, as to be really irksome; so necessary is actual exertion to the real enjoyment of Swiss scenery; for the lakes of Brienz and Thun yield to none in point of beauty. It was nine o'clock when we entered our bark, which was rowed by two men and one woman, who pulled quite as well, if not better, than her male companions. Half an hour's rowing brought us to the foot of the Giesbach, a water-fall on the south side of the lake. We here stepped out of the boat, and, with our guide, ascended to the higher

parts of the fall, by a commodious path, constructed by the schoolmaster of Brienz, who resides here during the summer months, and, with his family, is no less an object of curiosity, than the falls are of admiration. He has two daughters and two or three sons, all of whom have extraordinary musical talents; while he, having some science as well as natural taste, has been enabled, by instructing them in some of the simple rules of music, to form out of his own family a chorus of first-rate singers. We entered his neat cottage, built so as to command fine views of the cascade which is hard by; and, after waiting a short time, were welcomed by the worthy owner; who, on learning our approach from one of his children, left his laborious occupation of cutting wood, and, with a countenance beaming with benevolence, and having cheerfulness and contentment strongly marked in its every feature, received us with a natural politeness, which many, who pride themselves on their birth and education, would do well to imitate. I was so completely possessed with his venerable appearance, that I could not summon resolution to ask him for a display of the musical talents of himself and of his family; but, as if aware of my embarrassment, he immediately seated himself at a little spinet which stood on one side of his parlour, and, with his family forming an interesting

group behind him, they all first tuned their voices into harmony, and then gave us some of their best patriotic songs, in a style of excellence quite astonishing. To these we listened for some time with increasing delight: but the greatest treat of all was to hear our own national anthem, sung too in our own language, by this pastoral choir. Of course it was utterly impossible to be silent on such an occasion, and, joining our voices with theirs, we made the little parlour resound again. They sung to us sometime longer: but the spell was broken; we had heard our own song in a strange land: our taste became untuned for more ordinary melody, and we took our leave of this interesting family, to continue our search after the picturesque. Like the Reichenbach, the Giesbach consists of a succession of falls, but far exceeds the former in the beauty of its circumjacent scenery, though it does not perhaps afford so many savage and majestic points of view. One of the falls shoots far over a projecting rock, so that we were enabled to get behind it. We had here an opportunity of estimating the prodigious force acquired by the water in its fall: but what chiefly attracted our attention and excited our admiration, was a view of the tranquil lake beneath, and of the mountains opposite, seen through this ever varying liquid transparency, and contrasting in their placid

stillness with the impetuous rushing of the medium through which they were seen. An hour, occupied in admiring the beauties of this romantic spot, passed most rapidly away, and it was not without regret that we finally turned our backs upon them. On descending to our boat, when we had nearly gained the water's edge, our attention was again drawn upwards by the schoolmaster and his family, who grouped together on a projecting rock, gave us the real *ranz des vaches*, he with a long wooden horn, and they with their voices: it will be long ere I forget the pleasing effect produced by this rural concert, their voices mingled so harmoniously with the distant roaring of the cataract. Two hours rowing brought us once more to Interlaken.—The plain which separates the two lakes of Brienz and Thun, and which I before mentioned as being extremely fertile, is composed of such materials as is generally found in the beds of rivers; and besides this there are other indications in the neighbourhood inducing a belief that these two lakes were formerly one: and it is a singular fact, that many of the lakes of Switzerland (that of Geneva and these two in particular) are surrounded with indications of having at some period of time stood much above their actual level. A mountain near Interlaken has lately been surrounded with a high fence at the expense of government, and the enclosure appropriated to a flock of

Cashmire goats, from the produce of which it is expected they will soon be able to manufacture the celebrated shawls of that name. We reached Thun in time to walk over it and see something of its situation, which is very picturesque. The Aar traverses it in several separate channels; and its environs are exceedingly beautiful; of which a fine prospect is obtained, from a terrace near the church. The following morning we set out on our return to Vevey, retracing our original route as far as Boltigen; where, to use a vulgar phrase, we *bolted* out of the line of our previous journey and crossed the mountains to Bulle. The way was long, our guides not very well acquainted with it, and ere we reached Bulle we were much more weary than we had been on either of the preceding days, though the distance was less: I before observed that bodily exertion was necessary to the full enjoyment of Alpine scenery, and I may here remark, that fine scenery, or in other words, something to interest the imagination, is equally necessary as a safeguard against the weariness otherwise consequent on long continued exertion. We reached Vevey the following morning, having spent six days most agreeably in this interesting excursion.

LETTER XIV.

SWISS CHARACTER—SCHOOLS—CHURCH—WINE.

Vevey, *Oct.* 1826.

We have now had four months experience of Swiss manners and habits, and you will naturally expect that I should give you some account of them. Truth to say the task is not an agreeable one—for, in one word, our expectations as to Swiss honesty, Swiss simplicity of cha.acter, and, above all, Swiss freedom, have been grievously disappointed. "Point d'argent, point de Suisse" is so trite a proverb that I am almost ashamed to repeat it here, but I am obliged to confess that it is founded on fact. Indeed the natio. that sells the blood of its citizens to the highest bidder cannot complain if reflections are made on its character, derogatory of that high principle of honour, which dictates that a man should never draw his sword but in the defence of his own religion, laws, and liberty. The kings of France, Spain, and Naples, and the Pope, are surrounded with Swiss guards—nor is this an innovation of the

day—it is a system of long standing, and one which cannot fail of being attended with prejudicial effects. Men who have served under so many different sovereigns come home imbued with as many different interests, and are the means of keeping up a spirit of jealousy among the Swiss cantons, which necessarily throws difficulties in the way of their political improvement. Hence that spirit of venality, which prevails among the members of the Swiss Diet, and which leads to the enactment of laws more characteristic of an arbitrary despotism, than of a republican form of government. I allude more especially to the unheard-of laws which have recently been adopted for the regulation of the press. No newspaper or periodical publication is to treat argumentatively of the politics of foreign countries: and any observations their editors may wish to make on the internal policy of Switzerland, must before publication be submitted to the censor. It is well known that these laws have been dictated by France and Austria, whose pension lists, could they be made public, would read a melancholy lesson on Swiss honesty and patriotism. Do not however understand me as pronouncing any thing like an universal censure: Switzerland can produce many upright characters; and it is a notorious fact, that numbers of her more enlightened citizens, finding their

efforts in the cause of liberty effectually neutralised by the diligent application of foreign gold, withdraw altogether from public affairs, and finding resistance hopeless, just swim with the tide. Such are the baneful effects entailed on Switzerland by her foreign-service system, through the medium of the higher classes of society. And do the lower orders, the common soldiers, return to their native valleys as good citizens as when they first left them? Have they resided in Paris, Madrid and Naples, for ten or fifteen years, and escaped unpolluted? The question is idle. Dissolute habits must and will be acquired by the majority of those who are placed in such situations; with these they return to their native villages, and we all know that the contagion of vice is as rapid as that of the plague. Hence that simplicity of character and stern morality, which naturally belong to the character of a hardy mountaineer, though certainly to be met with in many parts of Switzerland, are still very rarely to be found, in those cantons where foreign enlistment is most encouraged. The facility with which marriages are dissolved, the mutual consent of the parties, declared before a magistrate, being all that is necessary, is a never failing sign of a depraved state of society; whilst a prevailing disposition to impose upon the unwary, by all the varied arts of

cunning, falsehood and bold effrontery, too clearly denote the rapidly declining influence of right principle and integrity. A country, whose legislature is swayed by foreign influence, cannot be expected to enjoy internal freedom. The Diet dare not set itself to remove abuses, whose existence is favourable to the exercise of despotic power, nor to frame laws essential to the growth of rational freedom. Their hands are effectually tied as to all matters of real national importance, and their legislative enactments are consequently confined to very narrow limits. It is a curious fact, that Switzerland is now the only country in Europe where the torture is practised; but its exercise is chiefly confined to the Catholic cantons, which in the progress of civilization are at least a century behind those in which the reformed religion prevails.—The Swiss are decidedly a martial race: every man, no matter what his station in society, must serve a certain length of time in the militia, which is called out on permanent duty for a month or six weeks annually. Their amusements are martial: every man who can possibly afford it is provided with a rifle: three or four or five villages, according to their situation, form themselves into shooting clubs, and meet frequently during summer to contend for prizes. There is also a national meeting, of select *tirailleurs*, from each canton,

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annually held at Bern for the same purpose.—Each village in the protestant cantons has a parochial school, maintained at the expense of the *commune*, to which parents are in a manner compelled to send their children, up to a certain age, during the winter months: hence you scarcely ever meet with a Swiss *protestant* peasant who cannot both read and write.—The clergy are maintained at the national expense, and receive a regular stipend of two thousand Swiss francs annually, which is equivalent to about one hundred guineas. The younger clergy are sent to exercise their functions in the remoter villages, and as they grow older, are gradually promoted to the towns. Their education (I am only speaking of the protestant clergy) is chiefly carried on at Geneva, where they imbibe doctrines essentially Socinian. A class of ministers opposed to these doctrines has recently sprung up, who by going too far, have deprived themselves of the power of working that reformation in religious opinions, which is so loudly called for. When I first attended a Swiss church, I was surprised and shocked to see the male part of the congregation sitting with their hats on during the reading of the lesson: on the commencement of the prayer they uncovered, but resumed their hats when the minister began his sermon. I expressed my opinion, of this breach of decorum, to

a Swiss clergyman, who agreed with me in thinking it highly unbecoming. "But," he added, "within my own recollection, the minister also was expected to be covered except during the act of prayer." The congregations chiefly consist of females, the men usually fixing on Sunday for the meeting of their shooting-clubs. We were astonished one Sunday, on looking out of our windows, to see a number of people employed in hay-making.

Wine is the staple produce of the whole line of country bordering on the north side of the lake.—There are various descriptions of it according to soil and exposure, but the best is that known by the name of la côte, which very closely resembles the Moselle wine. Legislative enactments are not wanting to ensure the good quality of the wine: the government, that is to say, the local government of the canton, assumes to itself the right of deciding when the vintage shall commence, and without a warrant from the constituted authorities no private individual has the power of gathering his own grapes, if it be for the purpose of making wine. Guards are appointed by each *commune*, who, from the time the grapes begin to ripen, keep watch by night and by day, not only to keep off depredators, but to prevent any infringement of the law. When the vintage does begin, it is so general that it is attend-

ed with a degree of bustle and cheerful animation, to which our harvest has nothing to compare. The roads are covered with carts conveying the juicy produce in casks to the wine-press,—not a soul is idle,—mirth sits conspicuous on every countenance, and the whole scene is one of unmingled cheerfulness and gaiety.—The snow appearing on the heights above Meillierie, warns us that it is time to leave our present quarters: we propose accordingly setting out on the 16th instant, and my next letter will be dated from Milan or Pisa.

LETTER XV.

DEPARTURE FROM VEVEY—SION—CRETINS—SIMPLON —ISOLA BELLA.

Milan, *Oct.* 24, 1826.

We bid adieu to the shores of the "clear and placid Leman," on Monday the 10th instant, having hired a commodious carriage and four good horses, for the whole journey from thence to Florence; which our vetturino promises to perform in twelve days. We set out under very favourable auspices, the weather (as generally happens at this season of the year) was remarkably fine, and the woods were decked in their gayest autumnal livery. And gay indeed it was. I never in my life saw foliage assume such brilliant colours: yellow and red of different shades, mingled with each other in beautiful irregularity; and yet it was impossible to look upon all this splendour of colouring without reflecting, that it was but a prelude to the dreary sameness of winter. The pleasant inn at Bex was our first night's resting-place.—The following morning we started early, and saw the Pisse Vache in all its beauty, with

a bright sun shining full upon it. About five in the evening we reached Sion. This being the capital of the Vallais, (after Bern and the Grisons, the largest canton in Switzerland) and having been formerly the residence of the *Prince* Bishops of Sion, is, or rather has been, a place of great importance. Its situation, on a rising ground, in the centre of the valley, is very commanding; while standing on a rocky eminence, which overlooks the town, the ruins (for such they now may be called) of the Episcopal palace and fortress constitute a very interesting portion of the picture. It has once been a place of great strength, from the inaccessibility of its position, and, doubtless, has witnessed many a gallant tournament, and many a traiterous deed; for the Bishops of Sion, though noted warriors, bore but an ill reputation. The clang of arms however has long since ceased to sound among its airy battlements: only a few monks occupy these otherwise deserted ruins, and as we walked at dusk under the lofty walls, the occasional creaking of a window signified the presence of inhabitants within; while a partridge which rose at our feet, proved that the precincts, though within five minutes walk of the city, were seldom disturbed by such intrusive visitors as ourselves. We enjoyed an extensive prospect up and down the valley: the setting sun shed a rich and pleas-

ing light over the scene, and, contemplated as a picture, nothing could be more beautiful. Lofty mountains, their summits peering above the lower clouds, and crowned, some of them, with eternal snow, enclose the valley on every side in such a manner that no outlet is to be seen. Their sides are richly clothed with forests, while near their bases, the vine is cultivated to a great extent and with considerable success. The Rhone gracefully meandering through the meadows in the vale beneath, completes the picture; which, however, beautiful though it be, will not bear an examination in detail; for the "Lords of the Creation," who inhabit this seeming paradise, are debased with every species of deformity. Goitres are almost universally prevalent. The eye however soon becomes habituated to these corporal deformities, and learns to look upon their wearers with something approaching to indifference. But it is otherwise with the Cretins; miserable victims of intellectual deformity, whom it is impossible to behold without pain and commisseration. Each village presents a number of these unfortunate beings: they generally appear tranquil, are usually engaged in some simple occupation: but the unmeaning smile, which they assume on the approach of strangers, gives a frightful expression to features which seem never to have been designed for rational beings. These poor objects are generally the off-

spring of parents excessively afflicted with goitres. During the French regime, marriages among such were strictly forbidden, and had it continued a few years longer, a new race of beings might have sprung up, more worthy of being styled the sons of Adam; but with the restoration of the ancient dynasty, returned all the misrule which had contributed to make the *canton du Vallais* what it is. Marriages are allowed to be contracted without any regard to consequences; and I shall never, while I live, forget seeing upon a bench outside a miserable hut, an idiotic father and mother fondling an idiotic child. Sion in nothing resembles its name-city—it certainly is not a "pleasant place," for it is hard to know which most to decry, the filthy inns, the filthy streets, or the filthy inhabitants.—On the 18th, while our horses were resting at Tourtomagne, we went to see a water-fall, about a twenty minutes walk from the inn. Its situation is romantic enough in a secluded dell, where the sun's rays seldom penetrate. It is about one hundred and fifty feet high; the body of water is not very considerable, and what is the most remarkable circumstance attending it, instead of falling perpendicularly, it descends in a lateral curve, occasioned by a projection in the rock. It was late before we reached Brig, and in consequence of the great influx of travellers, who always sleep here preparatory to crossing the Simplon, we had

some difficulty in procuring beds.—The 9th was entirely taken up in crossing the Simplon. We set out at half-past six with seven post horses; these drew us up the most fatiguing part of the ascent, when our vetturino, who had gone on before, yoked his horses, which were fresh, and we were thus enabled to reach Domo d'Ossola by half-past seven in the evening. In traversing the Simplon, one hardly knows which most to admire, the skill, spirit, and ingenuity of the engineer who planned the road, or the magnificent scenery through which it is conducted. There are between Brig and Domo d'Ossola, a distance of fourteen leagues, or about forty-five miles, twenty-two bridges, chiefly constructed of wood; six galleries cut in the solid rock; of which one, the Gallery of Gondo, is 625 feet long. The width of the road is uniformly 25 feet, and the ascent nowhere exceeds two feet and a half in six. Houses of refuge, regularly numbered, occur every two or three miles, where in stormy weather the traveller may always take shelter. The highest point of the passage is marked by a column, and is 6174 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. Owing to the frequency with which the road almost turns upon itself, great caution is requisite in descending: it is unsafe to descend with less than two drag-chains, if the carriage be at all a heavy one, as nothing is more

common than for one wheel to slip its shoe at the turnings, to say nothing of the chance of a chain snapping in two. We had a delightful day for our passage: had we been ten days earlier, we should have had two feet deep of snow; but, as it was, we found the road actually dusty in many places. From Domo d'Ossola, we rolled along the finest road in the world, visiting on our way Count Boromeo's *beautiful island* in the Lago Maggiore. Taken altogether, I should think that, in the way of gardens, it is the most princely structure in the world. It is about a mile in circumference, and rises near 200 feet above the level of the lake. Its form is pyramidal, and it consists of a succession of ten terraces, rising above one another, and all supported on arches; while above all is a spacious platform, containing a superb fountain, decorated with colossal figures of sea gods and horses, which are seen at a great distance. The gardens abound with every species of shrub, flower, and fruit-tree, which will live in this genial climate. Lemon and citron trees cover all the walls, and present a splendid display of fruit: we observed also some sharrocks, or, as the gardener named them, apples of Adam. The platform on the top of the island is set apart as a botanical garden, which, for the richness of its specimens of exotic plants, and the order in which it is kept, may vie

with most public institutions of the same kind. The palace is a fine structure, and the suit of apartments on the ground floor, decorated throughout with shell work, and ornamented with beautiful statues by the best modern sculptors, is not equalled by any thing of the kind in Europe. The Count, with his family, resides here a great deal, and living as he does *en Prince*, and inheriting from the head of his family a benevolent disposition, which his princely revenues enable him to put in practice, he is highly and deservedly popular. We were too late, on passing Arona, to pay a visit to the colossal bronze statue erected to the memory of the great founder of the family, San Carlo Boromeo; I had, however, seen it on a former occasion. It is 112 feet high, including the pedestal, which alone is 40: being composed of plates of bronze, it is hollow, and there is plenty of room to climb up through the poor cardinal's inward parts, and reach the head, which is so large, that it would contain half a dozen persons with ease; the nose forms a most luxurious seat. At the back of the head is a small window, which commands a fine prospect over the lake and circumjacent country. This statue occupies a commanding station on a hill immediately behind Arona, and is plainly discernible at the distance of many miles: it represents the worthy saint

in the act of pronouncing a benediction on the surrounding country and the lake. But the effect is rather disappointing; every thing around being colossal, and on a grand scale, the figure of the cardinal only seems to correspond with the rest of the scenery, and looks like a studious friar with his book under his arm, going out to take a contemplative walk. We reached this place at four o'clock on the 22d.

LETTER XVI.

MILAN—CATHEDRAL—SAN CARLO BOROMEO—BRERA—ARENA—TRIUMPHAL ARCH—AMBROSIAN LIBRARY—IMPROVEMENTS.

Milan, *Oct.* 1826.

THE day subsequent to our arrival here was agreeably occupied in visiting some of the various objects of interest which this city contains. Our steps were first directed to the Duomo, of whose exquisite beauty it is impossible to speak in terms sufficiently laudatory. It reflects honour on the age in which it was begun (about 500 years ago), and equally so on the architects and even the workmen, such is its extraordinary finish, who have been successively employed in its construction. It is one of the bright spots in Napoleon's character, that, under his especial auspices, much was done, and more contemplated, towards its completion; and it is perhaps the only thing connected with his rule over Northern Italy that reflects any lustre on the memory of the Emperor of Austria, that he has not only "decreed" its completion, but is actually making rapid progress towards a consummation so much to be

desired. Its style is florid Gothic, and it is built of white marble—perhaps not the most appropriate material for a Gothic structure: it is 449 feet long, 275 broad, and 238 feet from the pavement to the top of the statue, which crowns its spire. The number of marble statues which decorate it externally is somewhat above 6,000; many of them being above the natural size. Of those in the interior of the building, the one most worthy of notice is a statue of St. Bartholomew by Agrati: it represents the holy martyr, just after having been flayed alive, with his skin thrown over his left shoulder: it is remarkable for the amazing truth with which every muscle and fibre is expressed, and, on the whole, is so exactly what one may imagine he would have been, that it is impossible to look upon it without horror.—The tomb of San Carlo Boromeo next attracted our attention—the most costly mausoleum in the world. The saint's body (for such his exemplary piety and boundless benevolence entitle him to be called) being embalmed, reposes in a sarcophagus of rock crystal, which was presented to the cathedral for the purpose by Philip the Fourth of Spain: such is the transparency of the crystal, that it shows but too distinctly those blackened features which once beamed with benevolence; the splendid archiepiscopal robes in which he is arrayed afford a mourn-

ful contrast to the corrupted corpse which they partly expose to the view. The golden crozier, richly studded with precious stones, lies by his side, and several other valuable ornaments decorate his tomb. This was really a wonderful man: he spent his life (only too short, for he died at the age of forty-seven) in dispensing substantial blessings to all who wore the garb of distress, and were within reach of his observation: during the prevalence of the plague at Milan, he regularly administered the sacrament to the sufferers in the Lazaretto: and during a time of scarcity he distributed in one day to the amount of £20,000 in donations to the poor. His memory is cherished by the Milanese with the greatest devotion. Unfortunately, his biographers, in order to entitle him to canonization, not contented with describing him as a model of virtue and heroism, have thought proper to ascribe to him the power of working miracles, from which the rational inquirer turns away with disgust, and which he himself would most assuredly have disclaimed when he was living. He died in the year 1580. The Brera, a spacious building appropriated to national exhibitions, contains, besides an extensive library, a fine collection of pictures, of which the most remarkable for their excellence, are Abraham dismissing Hagar, by Guercino; St. Paul rebuking St Peter, by Guido; St.

Francis adoring the Virgin, by Vandyke, and some dancing Cupids, by Albani. The second of these pleased me most: there is a mild, affectionate, yet dignified firmness in the manner of St. Paul as he "withstood" St. Peter "to the face," as he himself expresses it; and at the same time an air of unwilling, but humbling conviction in the figure of the latter, as he leans his head upon his hand as if unable to meet the steady gaze of the other apostle, that one is transported in imagination back to the apostolical times, and can hardly believe that that which rivets our attention, is mere painted canvass. The gallery contains a copious collection of paintings of the early school; but these are more interesting, as pointing out the progress of the art from its earliest infancy until it reached its perfection under Raphael, Guido, and their compeers, than as possessing much real merit of their own.—The *arena*, to which we next proceeded, is a spacious amphitheatre after the manner of the ancients, capable of accommodating thirty-six thousand spectators. It is used for chariot and horse-races, and occasionally a *naumachia* is exhibited: I should hardly say *occasionally*, for I believe it occurred only once, and that was in honour of Napoleon: it can be supplied with water sufficient for this purpose in two hours. The *Pulvinare*, or Imperial Lodge, is a splendid corridor,

having a row of lofty granite columns of the Corinthian order in front.—Our next point was the triumphal arch, commenced under Napoleon, whose conquest of Northern Italy from the Austrians, it was intended to commemorate. Fortunately for the world his triumphs were drawn to a more speedy conclusion, than the designers of this monument to his victories contemplated. It had, however, made considerable progress before this turn of events took place, and remained for about ten years, no unapt representation of the many unfinished schemes of aggrandisement commenced by that extraordinary man, but never executed. Much of the ornamental work was finished and ready for putting up when his career terminated, and is now exhibited in the wooden sheds which surround the unfinished arch. The basso rilievos are beautiful, and are chiefly illustrative of Napoleon's triumphs over the Austrians. The Austrian government has now decided on completing this beautiful monument; but I cannot bring myself to believe that these almost indestructible mementos of their numerous defeats, will be allowed, as originally intended, to form part of it.—Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture of the Last Supper, is fast mouldering to decay. The French were accused of having made use of the heads of our Saviour and his disciples as marks to fire at

on wet days. As far as I could see, the accusation is utterly groundless: or if it be true, it leaves the French no character as marksmen, for not one of the heads is hit, though sixty paces is the greatest distance at which they could have stood. There is no picture of which there is so great a variety of copies and engravings, as of this; but, in a few more years, so completely has the damp got possession of the wall on which it is painted, it will no longer exist: indeed the figures are now very indistinct, and so little is oil-painting on stucco understood, that there is no chance of its being restored.—In the Ambrosian Library, we saw a folio MS. of Virgil of the fourteenth century, with marginal notes in the handwriting of Petrarch: on a blank leaf in the beginning is written in the same hand an account of his meeting with Laura, and of her death, and he assigns as a reason for noting it here, that being part of the book which he most delighted to study, it would the oftener meet his eye. There are other MSS. valuable for their antiquity and the manner in which they are illuminated, but whose titles I forget. Contiguous to the library, is a room containing some good pictures, and what is very highly prized, the Cartoon, or original drawing by Raffael, of the so celebrated school of Athens.

Milan is a fine city, yet it would be difficult to

point out any single street (squares, there are none which really deserve the title) possessing any claim to be considered of itself as any thing very remarkable. But there is an air of cleanliness, and activity about it, attended with all the pomp and circumstance of a numerous garrison, which makes it rank very high among the modern capitals of Europe. It is no longer considered as a place of strength; its batteries are dismantled, its ramparts planted with trees, and converted into most delightful walks and drives. It has long been the head quarters of the Austrian army, and consequently with much gaiety there is also much dissipation among its inhabitants. In the midst of a plain, the most fertile perhaps in the world, where a vast quantity of vegetable matter is constantly being decomposed, its climate is said to be unhealthy, though, to protect it as much as possible, great care is taken in cleansing the streets and keeping the sewers open; while the growth of rice,* is strictly prohibited within the distance of ten miles from the city.

There is no other city south of the Alps, which has given such liberal encouragement to the improvements of modern times. Numerous stage-

* The rice grounds are covered with water from seed-time to harvest.

coaches, built like our English ones, though not quite so light and elegant, ply daily to Como, Lecco, Bergamo, and other places in the neighbourhood: and with such dispatch, that a person may now leave Milan in the morning, and by the aid of a steam-packet, see nearly all the Lake of Como and return at night; travelling, in eighteen hours, a distance of ninety miles.

LETTER XVII.

SHAM FIGHT—LODI—PARMA—BOLOGNA—NATURAL PHENOMENON ON THE SUMMIT OF THE APPENINES —ARRIVAL AT FLORENCE.

Florence, *November* 1, 1826.

We prolonged our stay at Milan beyond our intended time, in order to be present at a mock engagement, which was to be exhibited in the neighbourhood by 6000 Austrian and Hungarian troops: the scene of action was, for obvious reasons, kept a profound secret except from a chosen few, so that to all inquiries as to where we should direct our steps, the only answer we could obtain was "chi sa?" (who knows?) The cannonading, however, commenced about eleven o'clock, and then no further inquiries were necessary. We set out accordingly, and after proceeding about a couple of miles in that direction, where the firing was loudest and most frequent, we soon found ourselves entangled among the retreating squadrons of the already vanquished party. Their retreat was conducted along two high roads, running parallel with each other, and they kept up an irregular fire against the advanced par-

ties of the victors. However, a sham fight, make what you will of it, is but sham; and the exhibition altogether was very ludicrous. The retreating troops kept in no order at all; the officers, many of them at least, seemed chiefly occupied with consuming such provisions as they had been able to carry in their pockets, having no idea of extending the imitation of a battle to any of its privations: while the soldiers seemed very much left to their own devices; each man loading and firing when and where he pleased, keeping up however to their instructions, which were, that they should make as much noise as they could. Between the advancing and retreating squadrons a dense crowd of gazers was soon collected, in which we were speedily involved; and spite of the folly of the whole thing, I could not help thinking how different our situation would have been had the parties been in earnest, for the firing was kept up without intermission. Now and then a squadron of horse charging up the road caused a little temporary confusion; or a company of the Imperial Guard labouring through a ploughed field, their uniform all soiled —not with gore—but mud, created a roar of laughter among the lookers-on. It must be confessed the country was very ill adapted for the display of military evolutions: rows of closely planted trees in full foliage, dividing the fields from one another,

made it utterly impossible for the eye to penetrate more than a quarter of a mile in any direction; wide ditches prevented the operations of the cavalry, and as a matter of necessity all the grand movements, (if any such there were, for all seemed to my inexperienced eye to be nothing but disorder) were confined to the high road. The business of the day was concluded by a triumphal entry of the whole into the city, which was very well conducted, and was altogether an imposing sight.

We left Milan early on the morning of the 23d, in a thick fog, which however cleared away before we reached Lodi, where we breakfasted. While there we walked to see the bridge over the Adda, memorable as the scene of a fierce and bloody combat between the French and Austrian armies in 1796, when the former were commanded by general Bonaparte in person. Thrice, the French were repulsed and the day was all but lost to them, when a last and determined charge carried the bridge, and the Austrians retreated in good order to Crema. In returning to our inn we were conducted to one of the principal warehouses of Parmesan cheese: where we saw in one single room about four thousand pounds' worth. This cheese is not usually sold for foreign or domestic use until it is two years old; and in order to

keep it moist during this interval, it is continually anointed with a very fine nut oil which is procured from Dalmatia. The best Parmesan cheese is made in the neighbourhood of Lodi, where the meadows are peculiarly rich.—The following day we passed through Piacenza, the ancient *Placentia;* it stands pleasantly enough on the banks of the Po, and contains some fine buildings, which being chiefly constructed of brick, it wants that lightness and grandeur which most of the large Italian towns present, at least in their public edifices.—On the 25th, we stopped at Parma, in order that we might visit the rich gallery of pictures belonging to this little government. The *chef d'œuvres* of Correggio which it contains, under the titles of the *Madonna di S. Girolomo,* and the *Madonna della Scudella,* are so well known, and are so accurately described elsewhere, that I need not descend to particulars. The countenance of the Madonna, in the first, approaches more to the "beau idèal" of a seraphic being, than any thing I ever saw, and the Infant Jesus seems actually starting from the canvass. Correggio is called, and justly, the prince of colourists and the creator of his own style, for he had never seen the pictures of Raffael and Domenichino, when he composed and painted his own. When I passed through Parma

on a former occasion, there was a fine bust of Correggio in the gallery, with the following inscription beneath it:

Degli occhj è Tizian
Delle menti è Sanzio incanto;
Questi del cor, Lombardo
Apelle, à vanto.

While Titian enchants the eyes,
And Raffael the mind,
This, the Apelles of Lombardy,
Captivates the heart.

this for some cause or other has been removed. Many of the churches of Parma are rich in frescos by Correggio, and others of his day, but they are in general so badly lighted, that many of them are scarcely discernible, without the aid of a ladder, while others are nearly destroyed by the damp.—The old court theatre, built on occasion of the nuptials of one of the Farnese family, sovereigns of the country in those days, is the largest in Italy, and is justly admired for the elegance of its proportions. It was hastily run up, of bad and perishable materials, and it is now in such a wretched condition that it is almost dangerous to enter it. Being detained a long time at Castel Franco, the frontier of the Pope's territories, it was late when we reached Bologna, on the 26th;

and as we were under the necessity of continuing our journey the next day, we had no opportunity of visiting any of the interesting objects which this noble city contains. But I was pleased, in leaving it on the following morning, to observe the great improvement that had been effected in it, since I was last there, in 1820. The streets being narrow and the houses very lofty, it was then as dark and gloomy a town as you can well imagine: but since that time, the houses have all been painted of light and cheerful colours; the change is much for the better, and reflects no small credit on the discernment of the Cardinal Legate who designed it: and were the same plan adopted in some of the dark streets of our own overgrown metropolis, there can be no doubt it would have the effect of dispelling much of that sombre gloom which is so much complained of. Crossing the Appennines between Bologna and Florence must always be an irksome and tedious business: but as ill-luck would have it, thick fog and drizzling rain accompanied us during the whole of the first day. We did not reach the miserable inn at Pietra Mala until long after dark, and as the beds were any thing but inviting, we set out at ten o'clock at night, under the guidance of a peasant, who bore a lantern before us, in search of an extraordinary natural phenomenon about a mile and a half distant

from the village. Half an hour brought us to the verge of a hill, whence, the object of our search was distinctly visible: a fire, issuing from the bowels of the earth, and illuminating with its vivid blaze, the whole expanse of atmosphere around it, to a considerable distance. We waded up to the knees almost in mud and mire, occasioned by two days heavy rain, before we got close enough to examine it more minutely. The space of ground occupied by the flame is a circle of twelve yards in circumference, covered with loose stones, and being perfectly level with the surface about it. The flame as it issues from the ground is of a light blue colour, which becomes paler as it ascends. The smell that accompanies it, is precisely that which proceeds from a common lime kiln. Naturalists have been much at a loss to account for this phenomenon; many set it down as the remains of a former volcano; but the total absence of sulphureous odours seems to do away with this supposition. May it not be occasioned by the escape of some species of gas from the earth, which ignites on coming in contact with the atmospheric air? And is not this supposition confirmed by the circumstance that during rain the flame is much more considerable than during the prevalence of dry weather? These are questions, which I leave to wiser heads than my own to

determine.——When we rose the following morning, a strong wind from the westward was fast driving before it the fog which had annoyed us so much on our ascent to Pietra Mala; and before we had advanced far on our road to Florence, the sun shone forth in all his glory, and we had a delightful day for descending into the Val d' Arno. The first view we caught of it was extremely interesting; the domes of Florence were distinguishable in the distance, while all the country, for miles round, thickly studded with villas, appeared like one vast suburb. It was cheering to look down on this animated scene, and to contemplate the wealth (former wealth) and grandeur of the illustrious Florence, thus indicated in the richness of its environs. It was dark when we alighted at Featherstonehaugh's hotel, near the Piazza della Trinita.—We had every reason to be pleased with our journey: though late in the season, we had delightful weather for crossing the Alps; and were only inconvenienced by rain two days out of fourteen. Our vetturino procured us the best of what the inns (and many of them were poor enough) could afford, and did all in his power to contribute to our comfort. We met with no accidents, and our journey was accomplished in the exact number of days agreed upon.

LETTER XVIII.

FLORENCE—POPULAR TRADITION CONCERNING ITS SITE —FOSSILE REMAINS—CHAPEL OF SAN LORENZO— STATUES——NATIONAL GALLERY——PITTI PALACE— ENGLISH RESIDENTS.

Florence, *November*, 1826.

I AM not vain enough to suppose that a few days residence in this far-famed city can qualify me for giving you any thing like a concise description of its history, or of the numerous interesting objects it contains. A very faint outline is all that I can attempt. Of its origin, little more can be said than that it was colonized by the Romans in the time of Julius Cæsar, and was then known under the name Florentia. That its existence has been traced much farther back, I am well aware; but all beyond the epoch I have mentioned, seems to be involved in so much obscurity, as to deserve no place in the records of history. Popular tradition maintains that a lake once covered the ground on which Florence now stands, extending downwards to where the river Arno runs between two high rocks, called the Golfoline Rocks; a supposition confirmed by a fact recorded in one of the *opuscula* of Machiavelli, viz. the history of Castruccio Castrac-

cani, Prince of Lucca. This renowned warrior formed the design of making himself master of Florence, by throwing a dam across these streights, and so causing the waters of the Arno to overflow it: a design, which in all probability would have been executed, had not death put an early period to his career. If "what has been may be," is a maxim of acknowledged truth; by a little inflection, we arrive at the conclusion, that if it be within the compass of human means to convert Florence and its neighbourhood into a lake, there is no absurdity in supposing it to have been at one time in that condition, and that its waters were reduced, either by a gradual wearing away of the rocks which sustained them, or by the sudden opening of a cleft through the operation of an earthquake. I may here mention as an extraordinary circumstance, that the fossile remains of elephants are found in greater abundance in the Val d'Arno than in any part of the world, unless it be in the Frozen Regions where they are discovered in most unaccountable numbers.—It was not till the time of the Medici that Florence attained its present size and splendour: indeed little has been done to it since their days; and the only building now in the course of completion at all likely to add to its reputation as the Italian Athens, is the Mausoleum of the Medici family, attached to the church of San

Lorenzo: but even this was designed and commenced by one of that family more than two hundred years ago, and many more must still roll on before its actual completion. It is a splendid monument to the taste of its designer, Ferdinand the First: its form is octagonal, surmounted by a dome; the walls are incrusted with slabs of the most precious marbles, so exquisitely polished, that each is a perfect mirror. The Sarcophagi, six of which are of Egyptian oriental granite, and designed by Michael Angelo Buonarotti, are erected to the memory of six of the Medicean family. Workmen are now employed in constructing the lantern which is to surmount the building, and when that is finished, all that remains to be done is to embellish the inside of the dome with some painting which will bear looking at, after the eye has surveyed the splendid decorations of the lower part of the structure; and to lay down a corresponding pavement. And when all this is done the world will not contain so splendid a mausoleum.—The streets of Florence are narrow, and many of the finest palaces being built at a time when this city was a perpetual scene of domestic warfare, and each man's house was his castle, there is a gloomy air about it which disappoints every one at first. Of its squares, the Piazza del Gran Duca is by far the finest, containing as it does some of the most striking buildings of Florence, as

the Palazzo Vecchio, with its lofty tower, considered to be a *chef d'œuvre* in its way, and the *Loggia*, as it is called, ornamented with some of the best specimens of the sculpture of the golden age of the arts. Besides a great number of others, *sub dio*, it contains a fine equestrian statue of Cosimo the First, by John of Bologna, and a noble fountain ornamented with numerous bronze nymphs and Tritons, by the same hand.—The national gallery of Florence, constitutes one of its greatest attractions. Besides a vast number of pictures of the first class, it contains some of the best statues of antiquity; of these the Wrestlers, Niobe and her youngest child, the young Apollo, the Arrotino, and the dancing Faun, stand most conspicuous, all doing homage, however, to the unrivalled Venus de Medicis, supposed to be the work of Praxiteles.—The Pitti Palace, the ordinary residence of the Grand Duke, contains a noble collection of pictures, to which strangers are admitted on certain days in every week, with a liberality which many of our own Grandees would do well to imitate,—as a private collection (if such it may be called) there is nothing in Italy which can compare with it, while the palace itself, in the splendour of its decorations, and the solid comfort which it displays throughout, is not equalled by any royal residence south of the Alps. Nor does the Grand Duke keep the enjoyment of

these things to himself: once every week, and sometimes oftener, his apartments are thrown open for the reception of company; when the *disagrèmens* of court etiquette are in great measure dispensed with, and the royal host demeans himself towards his guests, more as a private nobleman than as an arbitrary monarch.—The cathedral is celebrated for its noble cupola; the first which modern science produced on its restoration from the darkness, which involved Italy and all Europe in its shadow, from the fourth to the fourteenth century.—The black and white marble with which the cathedral is cased externally, produces a very bad effect, and gives a shabby toy-like air to a building which, had it been cased with stone of a uniform colour, might have compared with some of the proudest productions of that prolific age.—The square tower which stands alone by its side, is a most beautiful edifice, erected by an architect named Giotto, in the early part of the fourteenth century.—The baptistry is supposed to have been once a temple of Mars; its bronze doors, formerly gilt, executed from designs of Arnolfo, are so beautiful, that Michael Angelo Buonarotti declared they were worthy of being the gates of paradise.

Two noble quays, one on each side of the Arno, connected with each other by four bridges, of which that of the Trinita is supremely beautiful, afford an

admirable promenade during the winter: while the *Cascine*, or royal farms, combining the advantages of Kensington gardens and Hyde Park, are very much resorted to during spring, summer and autumn. The English have quite taken possession of Florence, not as birds of passage only, but as permanent residents, there being many English families who have purchased houses here, and consider it as their home. It is one of the coldest places in Italy, and yet winter is the season in which our capricious countrymen chiefly reside here; such is the influence of fashion. It is one of the cheapest places in Italy, barring house-rent, which is extravagantly dear, though in this, it is not so bad as Rome. We shall leave it to-morrow for Pisa, where we intend to terminate our travels, and take up our abode for the winter.

LETTER XIX.

ROAD TO PISA—BARGEMEN—PISA—TRADITIONS CONCERNING IT—WATER.

Pisa, *Dec.* 1826.

The road from Florence to Pisa follows, with some trifling deviations, the course of the Arno: and where it winds along between the rocks which once are supposed to have constituted a dam, keeping back its waters on the Val d'Arno, affords some picturesque points of view. The traffic carried on between Livorno and Florence by means of this river is very considerable, and numerous barges are constantly seen either rapidly floating down the current, which sometimes conveys them at the rate of five or six miles an hour; or slowly making their way against it, heavily laden, and drawn along by from seven to ten, or a dozen men, whose athletic forms and steady measured pace, as they haul after them, against a strong current, several tons weight of merchandise, prove them to be well qualified for undertaking labour usually assigned to beasts of burden. These men have their stations along the banks of

the river at intervals of about ten miles, where they relieve one another with all the regularity of a well conducted establishment for post horses. Their pay is very trifling, and their food consists almost entirely of macaroni, which is nothing but flour and water, prepared in a manner I shall have occasion to notice hereafter. Their clothing is barely enough to serve the purposes of decency, the only part of their bodies which they seem careful to protect from the weather being the head, which is usually covered with a thick red woollen night-cap.—We caught a view of Pisa, as we were descending a hill, about sixteen miles short of it, and even at that distance could clearly discern the leaning tower which always appears to be falling. The drive from Florence occupied us only eight hours, the road and horses being very good.—A near view of Pisa does not possess the stranger with any very violent predilections in its favour: there are scarcely any suburbs, and it is surrounded by a stone wall, which contains no openings to break its gloomy sameness, and is so lofty as to shut out from the sight all but the more elevated buildings which they encircle. Nor is the effect much improved on entering this once populous city; fine wide streets and stately palaces meet the eye in every direction, but there is a deficiency of human beings to animate it, which cannot fail to

be felt. But on attaining the middle bridge, which commands a view of the Lungarno from one end of it to the other, all disagreeable impressions are banished in a moment. The river, which is about one hundred and fifty paces wide, and flows along with great rapidity, traverses the city in the form of a crescent, very slightly curved; and on its right bank extends, for more than a mile in length, a noble row of houses, counting amongst them the grand ducal residence, besides many other palaces erected during the golden age of Pisa's existence: this is separated from the Arno by a low wall, and a broad street paved with flat stones, which affords an excellent promenade to the inhabitants. Being amongst the earliest arrivals, we had a good number of houses from which to make a selection, and finally fixed upon one in the Via Santa Maria, which forms the chief communication between the cathedral and the principal part of the city.

Historians are not agreed about the origin of this city: Strabo attributes it to a colony of Arcadians, who, landing upon the coast of Italy, soon after the termination of the Trojan war, fixed upon its site for their new residence and became its first founders. Others attribute to it an earlier date. It was one of the twelve great cities of Etruria, and did not lose any of its importance under

the domination of the Romans. But whatever may have been its condition in those far off times, in more modern days it became the seat of a powerful republic, whose fleets asserted its authority in all parts of the Mediterranean, made it the terror of the pirates who even then covered the African coast, and enabled it to carry on, for a long succession of years, even handed contests with Genoa and Florence. Internal dissensions, by deadening its energies, and neutralizing its resources, at length laid it open to the attacks of its external enemies, it was subdued by the Florentines, and finally merged into that growing republic. Since then it has gradually declined in importance; its trade is annihilated, and though the second city in Tuscany it does not now contain more than 17,000 inhabitants, its population once amounting to nine times that number. The destruction of its trade was a natural consequence of the rapid advances made in maritime science during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The building still remaining where its galleys used to lay by in winter, is sufficiently indicative of the smallness of their burden, while the shallowness of the river formed an insurmountable obstacle to their enlargement. Pisa is now six miles distant from the sea: while there is every reason for believing that it was once much

nearer. On the road between Pisa and Livorno, is a church dedicated to St. Peter, built upon the spot where tradition affirms that apostle to have landed in Italy: This church is now three miles from the shore, and though the tradition; as far as it relates to the landing of the apostle, may be true or false, yet it may be taken as very strong evidence that the possibility of landing at that spot once existed. The receding of the sea, (of which there are various indications along this coast of Italy and especially at Pompeii, which was formerly a sea port and is now more than a mile from the shore) combined with the improvements in maritime science, and the impossibility of navigating the Arno with ships of heavy burden, would necessarily put an end to Pisa as a maritime power; while the only chance they had of retaining their maritime superiority, viz. by establishing a port at the mouth of their river, was not taken advantage of, either for want of resources or want of energy. In its prosperous days it gave birth to one of those societies, (of which numbers were established in different parts of western Europe) whose pride and privilege it was to wage inveterate war against the Saracens, either in forwarding the conquest of, or extending protection to, the holy land. And the numerous banners which

they won, almost the only reward of their hard earned victories, are preserved in the church belonging to their order, called Dei Cavallieri. These are fast mouldering to decay, and will ere long cease to remind the degenerate Pisans of the prowess of their ancestors.—A noble aqueduct raised on lofty arches (a standing monument of former greatness), stretches five miles across the country, to the foot of the Appennines; and still continues to supply this city with most excellent water; which is distributed in every direction and flows spontaneously from many elegant fountains, where the meanest inhabitant may freely supply himself with this great necessary of life, "without money and without price." Indeed from one end of Italy to the other the same thing is to be remarked. Everywhere this precious element is treated with peculiar honour in the large cities, giving occasion to some of the most beautiful productions of genius and art; while in the remotest village, "*the fountain*" is never unadorned. Rome, Naples, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn and many more of the most considerable cities, have water conveyed to them from a great distance and at an enormous original expense. Yet, while it is but just that the rich should pay for the luxury of having it brought into their very chambers, the poor

are liberally supplied for the trouble of walking a few paces; at the farthest, to the corner of the street in which they live, where there is sure to be a small but never ceasing, stream, refreshing the atmosphere, and by various means promoting the health and comfort of thousands.

LETTER XX.

CATHEDRAL—LEANING TOWER—CAMPO SANTO.

Pisa, *Jan.* 1827.

THE public buildings of Pisa may stand a comparison with those of many Italian cities far surpassing it in modern importance. Grouped together, without crowding upon each other, the cathedral, baptistry, campo santo, and leaning tower, form a most interesting and magnificent picture, of which the first occupies the centre; the baptistry and leaning tower the two wings; and the campo santo the background, filling up the openings which intervene between the cathedral and the other two. The cathedral is a Gothic structure of the eleventh century; it is built in the form of a Latin cross, whose intersection is surmounted by a dome, the least admired part of the whole, as being much too small for the length of the building. Externally it is cased in marble, of a yellowish hue, which accords much better with this style of architecture than the pure white of the Milan cathedral. Its eastern front is

very richly ornamented, and in accordance with the fondness for decorations which charectarised the age of its construction, is broken up into galleries one above the other, which contain some beautifully wrought columns, supposed to be of Egyptian workmanship; but the three bronze doors constitute its chief ornament; they represent the life of our Saviour and the Madonna in alto relievo, after the designs of John of Bologna: a rich border of foliage, intermixed with fruits of various descriptions, surrounds each of them, which, perhaps, is more beautifully executed than the historical compartments. In walking round the cathedral, I observed many large stones employed in its construction which contained portions of old Roman inscriptions; among these the name of *Hadrian* frequently occurs; some of them are laid end-ways, some wrong side upwards, indicating that they have been taken promiscuously from the ruins of some ancient Roman building or buildings in the vicinity, one of which is known, from the fragments of inscriptions which have been found, to have been the public bath of Pisa, erected in the time of that emperor. There are other inscriptions conveyed in characters resembling the Saxon, and which probably may be ascribed to some of the northern invaders of Italy. I would give much to be able to decipher them, as they would no doubt throw some

light on the history of those times, which are involved in so much obscurity.—The internal decorations are not at all inferior to the external ones. The aisles are separated from the main body by seventy-four lofty columns, some of oriental granite, and some of precious marble: the high altar is splendidly ornamented: the numerous chapels contain some fine specimens of sculpture, while the sides of the building are hung with pictures illustrative of the life of their patron, St. Ranieri: some of which possess great merit. The baptistry, though erected a century later than the cathedral, is far inferior to it in the style of its decorations. The figures of the apostles and primitive saints, which stand in nitches round the base of the dome, would be a disgrace to the commonest stone-mason of the present day; yet its form is elegant, being an octagon, and such of the ornaments as have been borrowed from the remains of antiquity are judiciously placed. I must not, however, include in the above censure the pulpit, which is a beautiful piece of workmanship, richly ornamented with *bassi relievi* in oriental alabaster and Parian marble, by the hand of Nicolo Pisano, one of the best sculptors of his day. The font is no less worthy of observation.—I must now conduct you to the Campanile, or belfry, which stands about forty paces distant from the west end of the cathedral. This is

a round tower, 190 feet high; and consists of eight stories, each of which presents an open gallery adorned with columns of various kinds, and amounting to 207 in number. The centre is a hollow cylinder, and the ascent is constructed in the solid wall. Beautiful however, as is this singular tower, its most interesting feature is its great declination from the perpendicular, which is no less than fourteen feet. Many attempts have been made to account for this circumstance; some have supposed that the architect designedly built it out of the perpendicular, to gratify an idle fancy of his own. But independently of the absurdity of supposing that his employers would have consented to the gratification of such a whim, the actual state of the building altogether does away with the supposition. Had it been the design of the architect to construct the tower out of the perpendicular, he would still, in order to insure its standing, have laid his masonry horizontally. While the fact is, that the line of the masonry is perpendicular to the side of the building and is consequently inclined to the horizon, in the complement of the angle which constitutes the tower's declination from the perpendicular. It is also to be observed, that the declination is only uniform up to the seventh story or gallery, and that from thence to the top the building forms a backward

bend, which is very distinguishable to a person standing in a particular spot not far from the baptistry. It therefore appears probable that when the seventh gallery was completed, the ground suddenly gave way on one side, and threw the building so much out of the perpendicular, as to threaten its total subversion: when however it was found that the building still stood, the architect conceived the bold design of raising, upon the top, another gallery, which by leaning, to a small degree, in a contrary direction, might contribute to bring back the centre of gravity of the whole nearer to its proper place. The result fully justified his supposition; and the tower, loaded as it is with six or eight large bells, which are daily rung, has withstood the influence of seven centuries, and appears likely, should the world continue so long, to endure the action of as many more. ——But that in which the Pisans most pride themselves is their Campo Santo. This is an enclosure about eighty yards long by sixty wide, surrounded by a cloister, presenting to the area within a succession of beautiful light Gothic arches, richly ornamented. Its origin is ascribed to one of the archbishops of Pisa, who, early in the thirteenth century, being engaged in the crusades, brought from Mount Calvary several ship loads of earth; had it deposited near the cathedral and designed it as a

burial ground. The elegant cloister which surrounds it, was not constructed till near one hundred years from the time of the first importation of the sacred soil, and was then designed by Giovanni Pisano. The soil was stated to possess such extraordinary powers, as in the brief space of twenty four hours to convert the human body into its native dust. The cloisters contain a vast number of most interesting monuments of antiquity in the shape of sarcophagi, monumental inscriptions, &c: but they are chiefly visited on account of the paintings with which they are decorated, and which afford a practical history of the art from its infancy in the 14th, to its manhood in the the 15th century. On this account alone they would be extremely interesting: but they claim admiration on higher grounds than this, many of them possessing extraordinary merit.—The triumph of death, and the last judgment by Andrea Orgagna, exhibit a fertility of genius which few paintings of any age can boast, though they cannot be said to convey any very convincing proofs of the painter's delicacy. But above all the rest, the works of Benozzo Gozzoli, styled by some *il Raffael lo degli Antichi*, are those which are held in the highest estimation.—The last person interred in the Campo Santo, was professor Vacca of the university of Pisa; whose skill as a surgical operator, and profi-

ciency in the science of medicine have acquired him a very considerable reputation, from one end of Europe to the other. It has ever been considered a sort of honorary burial ground; and if it be any satisfaction to a man to sleep among the illustrious dead, it may serve as an incitement to virtue and honourable distinction. And if this be the result, the sums bestowed upon its construction and decoration have not been thrown away.

LETTER XXI.

CLIMATE—INVALIDS.

Pisa, *Feb.* 1827.

We have not had much reason to be satisfied with the climate of Pisa; but then I should remind you, that this has been, everywhere in Italy, a most unfavourable winter: the quantity of rain that has fallen, exceeds all precedent, though judging from what I hear, I should say that we have had less of it here than has fallen either south or north of us. But as consumptive patients are often sent here, and the climate is said to be the best in Italy for such persons—I shall endeavour to give you as fair an account of it as I can; and though I cannot speak of it professionally, I can yet give a detail of facts on which professional men may be able to pronounce. Pisa is situated in the midst of a vast plain, bounded on the north and east by the lofty ridges of the Appennines; from the bases of which it is about four miles distant: to the south and the west it is entirely open. On all sides of it, at various distances

of two, three, or four miles, are extensive swamps, whose waters are in great measure stagnant, while it is traversed in its whole length by the Arno; hence there prevails a considerable degree of humidity in the atmosphere; which, in its turn, is productive of warmth; by affording a more dense body for the absorption and retention of the sun's rays. This prevailing humidity is further much increased by the frequency with which the south-west wind, called the Sirocco, recurs. This, coming from the heated sands of Africa, not only helps to increase the evaporation, which at all times is going on, from the numerous swamps which surround Pisa; but by blowing against an insurmountable barrier of mountains, contributes to its accumulation. It is during such weather as this mild, damp, and cheered with occasional hot gleams of sunshine, that consumptive patients feel themselves better, and breathe with greater facility. On the contrary, during the prevalence of clear, and what is usually styled, bracing weather, accompanied with dry winds from the mountains, which carry away the exhalations as they are formed, consumptive patients relapse, breathe with difficulty, and become depressed in spirits. Our own island is much calumniated for the frequent and rapid changes of climate to which it is subject, but I think I am borne out by facts in asserting that the

changes at Pisa are almost as frequent, though perhaps they are not so violent, as the extremes of heat and cold are not here so far asunder; yet I have known it blow a sirocco in the morning, with the thermometer at 55° Fahrenheit, and the day terminate with frost. These changes are very trying to persons in robust health; how much more so must they be to persons whose lungs are sensible of the least variation in the state of the atmosphere which they breathe. Add to this, that the houses at Pisa (and the remark is equally applicable to all parts of Italy) are ill calculated for keeping out the cold; and you will agree with me in thinking that the system of sending consumptive patients to pass the winter in Italy, is one of which the propriety may fairly be questioned. An Italian, when cold, instead of going to warm himself at a fire, wraps an additional cloak round him, or at most admits into his room an additional pan of hot ashes, and thus sets the elements at defiance. If he does admit a fire-place into his chamber; he uses it as a ventilator, seldom allowing his wood to break out into a flame, unless out of complaisance to an English visitor, whose fondness for a cheerful blaze, though he cannot comprehend, he is willing to gratify. With this indifference to the charms of a blazing hearth, it is no wonder that an Italian but rarely involves himself in the ex-

pense of constructing one. Hence their scarcity, and the ill adaptation of Italian houses to the reception of invalids. These I fear, are circumstances often left entirely out of the account, both by medical men who recommend an Italian residence to their patients, and by friends who consent, often as a last resource, to a trial of the experiment. Such persons as are sent here with a view to the amelioration of their health, should be warned that much caution is absolutely necessary, both as regards the choice of a situation and the taking of exercise. With respect to the first, the only part of Pisa calculated for the abode of an invalid, is the quay on the north side of the river, called the Lungarno.—The houses have the sun upon them nearly all day; and are thus not only warmer, but much more free from damp, than those in other parts of the town. The next point is to fix upon one which has the most fire-places; an invalid should both sit and sleep in rooms having a southern exposure: there being an amazing difference in the temperature of rooms in the front and at the back of houses on the Lungarno, and such as no one in delicate health ought to encounter. Another reason for selecting rooms looking on the river, is that they command a cheerful prospect. The Lungarno being the principal, I may almost say *only*, promenade within the walls of Pisa, it generally presents

a lively and animated scene at all hours of the day: the frequent passage of barges up and down the river is no mean addition to the picture, and in default of all these, there is always the river itself to look at, which, although it cannot be called a pellucid stream, is generally, during the winter, high and rapid. Those invalids who are sufficiently well to take out-of-door exercise, cannot be too cautious in availing themselves of the privilege. The inlets to the Lungarno from the rest of the town are very numerous, and all of them being in the direction of the mountains serve as so many channels for the admission of the cold winds which proceed from them. An invalid, therefore, should never cross these, but confine his walk within any two of them; taking care, never to expose himself to the influence of the mid-day sun. Observing these, and other cautions, equally applicable to every situation, there can be no doubt, that a consumptive patient, who is not sent out ere it be too late, will benefit by the climate, *communibus annis*.——But the burial ground at Leghorn which I have just visited, bears melancholy testimony to the fact, that numbers are sent out to Italy, when there is not the remotest prospect of their recovery. This is the greatest of cruelties that can be inflicted on a dying person; and yet it it is a cruelty inflicted daily with a heedlessness

that is almost criminal. The inconveniences, fatigues and privations attending a continental journey and residence, to which such persons are unthinkingly exposed, only serve to bring them to an earlier and more painful death, than would have befallen them, had they continued to enjoy the comforts of an English home and the affectionate care of relations interested in their recovery.

LETTER XXII.

SOCIETY—CASCINE—CAMELS—SEA SHORE—SHELLY'S REMAINS—ACIDULATED WATER—LIVORNO—MANUFACTURE OF MACARONI.

Pisa, 1827.

My last letter having referred to Pisa, as a place calculated for the winter abode of invalids; I must now say a few words on its capabilities as a residence for persons to whom climate is not the only desideratum; and as such I can speak of it in much more favourable terms; but since, when it was passing under review as a residence for invalids, as one ground for my unfavourable report, I was under the necessity of allowing the unusual badness of the winter; so now, in speaking favourably of it as a place of general resort, I must not omit to observe, that so agreeable a union of our own countrymen can seldom again be expected as that which distinguishes Pisa this year. Now, therefore, to my task. In the first place, it is a matter of notoriety, that many who bring their families to Italy for the purposes of education, by sitting down amidst the gaieties and dissipation of Florence, Rome and Naples, not

only often return without having accomplished their object, but not uncommonly with the painful conviction forced upon them, of having been instrumental in unsettling the principles of their children, and engrafting in their room habits of dissipation, which no after-discipline can remove. Now, while Pisa yields to none of those places in the abilities of its language and music masters, it does not, like them, afford an unceasing round of fancy balls and private theatricals, which distinguish some of the Italian capitals, and in which English mothers are too ready to permit their daughters to participate. At the same time, there is no lack of that kind of society which is both amusing and tributary to the purposes of education, consisting in social meetings, composed of English and Italians, from which the lovers of music and dancing seldom retire ungratified; while there is plenty of scope for such as wish to improve their acquaintance with the language and institutions of the country. The theatre, though small, is an exceedingly neat one, is elegantly fitted up, and, certainly this winter, has been supplied with a very good set of performers. The walks and drives in the neighbourhood are numerous, possessing each a peculiar interest. The first in rank, as well as distance, are the Cascine or Royal Farms, which comprise a vast extent of country, reaching

down to the sea shore, and affording every variety of forest and domestic scenery. The whole carrying work of the farms is done by camels, of which the Grand Duke has no less than one hundred and forty; and it is surprising to see the enormous weights under which they move; they are seldom loaded with less than half a ton; they kneel down to receive their burden, and, when they have conveyed it to its destined place, kneel again to have it discharged,—making, at the same time, most frightful noises, opening their hideous mouths, grinding their teeth, and looking as if they would tear to pieces any one who should venture to approach them; and yet I fancy all this is but the expression of their delight at being liberated from their burden. I was tempted to get on the back of one the other day, and rode some distance; I cannot pretend to describe the animal's motion, but I felt a stiffness all over me for near a week afterwards. The forests of the Cascine contain a great number of wild boars, not one of which, however, I have seen, except in the market; there are also some herds of deer, which are so wild, that they are seldom met with: but they are chiefly stocked with a beautiful breed of horned cattle, which live quite at large in a state of natural wildness,—only emerging from the covert of the forest, when the herdsmen drive

them out for the sake of selecting from their number such as are fit for the market. We one day continued our rambles through the forest, until we arrived at the sea shore, where we were not allowed to continue long without being hailed by a *Guarda Costa*, and asked our business. We were astonished at such an interruption; but, the man being very civil, we took advantage of the occasion to inquire the meaning of so much vigilance. So great is the dread of the plague entertained by the different Italian governments, that they mutually bind themselves to keep up a regular succession of guards along that part of the coast belonging to each of them. Their business is to prevent the landing of any ship's or boat's crew which are not supplied with proper bills of health: to bury, and when that cannot easily be done, to burn, every thing which the sea casts on shore, in any way capable of communicating the plague; and so strict are they, that, should any person unfortunately pick up any such thing, be it even an old hat or an old shoe, he is incontinently clapped into quarantine. The burning of Bysshe Shelly's body, which was looked upon in England as such an extraordinary circumstance, and attributed to a thousand different causes, was simply in compliance with the police regulations of the country: his body was thrown on shore near

the mouth of the Arno, and, in obedience to established orders, ought to have been immediately buried in the sand: but his friends, and Lord Byron in particular, wishing that his remains should be conveyed to a more seemly place of sepulture, were only permitted to accomplish this by consuming the body to ashes. This was accordingly done, and, being enclosed in an urn, they were deposited in the English burial-ground at Rome, where their place is marked by a stone slab, containing the following extraordinary inscription:—

Percy Bysshe Shelly,
Cor Cordium,
Natus iv. Aug. 1792;
Obiit viii. Jul. 1822.

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

Our walks are most frequently directed towards the mountains, it being something new for us to ramble among myrtles, tree heath, spike lavender, and groves of the arbutus; with which, and a variety of other beautiful shrubs, they are thickly covered. Numerous picturesque villages succeed each other at their bases; while nature seems to employ their inward parts as laboratories for the production of waters possessed of a great variety of properties. The

hot springs of San Juliano are among the most celebrated of Italy, and, during the spring months, are very much resorted to. There is a spacious boarding house erected by Government for the accommodation of visitors; while those who wish for greater quietness and privacy than a boarding house usually affords, have plenty of small private houses to choose out of. There are also sources of acidulated water, some cold and some tepid; one of these is a very favourite place of resort amongst us, and is at once an inducement and a reward for walking. It is strongly impregnated with carbonate of soda, and, on being mixed with a little white wine and sugar, effervesces, and forms an excellent beverage, little inferior to champagne in flavour, and far more beneficial in its effects.

We are frequent visitors at Livorno (whose name we have barbarized into Leghorn), where we go to lay in supplies of colonial produce and money: both of these commodities being to be obtained on much more reasonable terms there than at Pisa. To redeem it from the general character of sea-port towns, which too commonly consist of a great number of houses crowded into the smallest possible space, it has a fine square, and is traversed in its whole length by a broad and handsome street; which, at exchange hours, exhibits a bustling and

animated scene, presenting such motley and varied groups of men as are to be met with nowhere but in the precincts of the Mediterranean. The Algerine is easily distinguished by his fiery eye, glistening from under long and shaggy eye-brows, which are overshadowed by the folds of a many-coloured turban, his prominent aquiline nose, and a slight curl of the upper lip—all indicative of great vivacity and courage. The Greek, with a less swarthy countenance, has the same fiery eye and vivacity of expression,—unclouded, however, by that air of fierceness which distinguishes the native of the coast of Barbary. The dress of the latter cannot fail to put the beholder in mind of some merciless corsair whom he has met with in the course of his reading; generally consisting of a short jacket, apparently quilted, so as to be almost bullet proof, a belt garnished with pistols and a dirk, loose small clothes, and boots turning up at the toe: he is besides generally short in stature, and strong of limb in inverse proportion. Great richness of attire distinguishes the merchants of Alexandria and the Levant, and all together, mixed as they are with the plainly and unclassically dressed Europeans, form a striking and interesting picture. Being a free port, Livorno is the centre of a very considerable trade, serving as an *entrepot* between England

and the Levant: a great number of English merchants are established here, who complain of a great stagnation of business, chiefly attributable to the disturbed state of the Archipelago; and who are, in consequence, not very ardent well-wishers of the Greeks, whose reputation for piracy seems to be upon a par with that of the Algerines.

I went the other day to visit a *fabrica* of Macaroni, which may well be styled the Italian's Staff of Life. I never could understand why in England we should be indebted to Italy for so useful and wholesome an article of food, and I confess myself to be still in the dark upon the subject. No one will deny that the finest wheat, if not grown in England, may always be obtained there: and it is idle to suppose that skill is wanting for its proper manufacture. The process is very simple, and though it is not easy to explain machinery without a diagram, I shall endeavour to set it, to all intents and purposes, clearly before you. I should first apprise you, that the finest flour is alone employed in the making of macaroni, —this is mixed with as small a quantity of water as will suffice to convert it into paste: it thus becomes much too hard and consistent to be kneaded with the hand: and in order to its being done effectually, the following contrivance is resorted to. A wooden pole, about fourteen feet long, is fastened at one end to a

post, driven into the ground, by a chain, so as to be lifted up and let down again with ease. Near the post to which this is fastened, stands a low platform on which the paste is disposed, and that part of the pole which is immediately over the platform, is prism-shaped, so that it comes in contact with the paste in the form of a thick wedge. At the other extremity of the pole are stationed two men whose employment is to keep moving it to all parts of the paste, and pressing it down with their united weight, which, at a distance of ten feet as they are from the paste-board, acts with very considerable effect. When the paste is sufficiently worked, it is transferred to a hollow cylinder, at the bottom of which is a cast iron plate perforated with holes:* over the paste is, what is called in dairy countries, a *follower*, or cylindrical piece of wood, exactly fitting the cylinder, and this is forced down upon the paste by means of a screw of great power, worked by two or more men. The paste then issues from beneath through the cast iron plate, and, as it issues very slowly, is partially baked by a fire stationed for that purpose in a semicircular form round the space immediately below the cylinder. As it descends, it is gradually drawn away, and being

* These are of different forms, and hence the variety of shapes in which macaroni appears.

suspended across the room on rods, it becomes fit for use in a day or two.—Such is the simple process of making macaroni—a food wholesome and nutritious; which forms the principal food of the lower orders of Italians, but which in England is only found upon the tables of the rich, owing to the enormous price at which it is sold: and which price is justified on the plea that it cannot be manufactured there. It is my firm belief that if any spirited individual would commence its manufacture on an extensive scale, the Italian macaroni would soon cease to be an article of importation.

LETTER XXIII.

CHARACTER OF THE TUSCANS—UNIVERSITY OF PISA—SOCIETY DELLA MISERICORDIA.

Pisa, 1827.

Of all the numerous states into which Italy is divided, there is not one which can boast so mild a government, or so contented and happy a population as Tuscany: not dragooned into quietness by the presence of an armed force, the Tuscans yield a willing and cheerful obedience to a mild code of laws, and are warmly attached to the person of their sovereign. This was strikingly illustrated a few years ago. When the Neapolitans and Piedmontese were revolting against their constituted governments, and, under pretext of reforming them, launched out into all the extravagancies and many of the horrors of anarchy, the great body of the Tuscans remained true to their allegiance. A conspiracy was said indeed to exist among a set of infatuated young men, who were probably but too sensible of their insignificance under the actual state of things; but they were timely discovered, and with an exemplary

mildness were given to understand, that if they would quickly absent themselves from the country for a time, they would be recalled when the state of affairs in the rest of Italy would permit, and no farther notice be taken of their delinquencies. Indeed it must be confessed, that though contentment may be truly said to be the lot of the great mass of population in Tuscany, it is much too noble a term to be applied to the idle and listless apathy of the nobility and gentry. A system of despotic rule may, perhaps in the hands of a just and upright sovereign, be beneficial to the middle and lower orders of society; but it reduces the aristocracy to the veriest nothingness—there is no employment which it consists with their dignity to accept. The learned professions are either beneath them, or their exercise is too laborious. Hence, their education is neglected, and to such a degree that it is no uncommon thing for a person styled *noble*, to be incapable of writing his own name. Who then can wonder that men for whose talents there is no rational or useful occupation, should devote the early part of their life to profligacy and dissipation, and become in their age only remarkable for bigotry and imbecillity of character? The education of the middle ranks is guaranteed by the two universities of Pisa and Siena, both of which enjoy a very high reputation: they are con-

ducted on a very liberal plan: the professors, partly laymen and partly clerical, are paid by government, and have their pride gratified by the title of *nobile*. All persons, of whatever rank or country, are freely admitted to the lectures in every department; those only, whose intention it is to graduate, having to undergo the ordeal of an initiatory examination. Law and physic are the two professions most cultivated here, and the latter especially has of late years had a stimulus communicated to it by the circumstance of the medical chair being filled by so eminent a person as the late professor Vacca, whose learning and skill acquired him a very high reputation. He died but a short time ago, and his remains are deposited on the north side of the Campo Santo. The University Library is well stored with books, which are chiefly devoted to professional learning. All persons are freely admitted to it on certain hours every day, and on application to the librarian receive any book they may require: this they may read or make extracts from, without however being permitted to take it away: silence is strictly and very necessarily enjoined, as the library is dedicated to study, and not to the gratification of idle curiosity. Besides the University, Pisa contains several very excellent academies, where such as are not destined for any of the learned professions, may acquire a

very fair education, and on very moderate terms. In the country, parochial schools are very general: I one day met a boy returning from one of these with a book under his arm; having an intelligent air about him I entered into conversation with him, and requested permission to look at his book; it was, the decrees and proceedings of the council of Trent, in Latin, out of which he construed me two or three passages very correctly: he was a peasant's son, and amused us very much by the account he gave us of the pedagogue, who it appeared was much more fond of exercising the rod, than was pleasing to our informant, who seemed to be suffering under the recollection of some recent chastisement.

There is one charitable institution common throughout Italy, but more popular in Tuscany than elsewhere, because patronized by the Grand Duke himself; it is a species of friendly society, whose effects are so extensively beneficial, that it may well afford a pattern for imitation to any community whatever. In each town, a certain number of citizens, of all ranks and denominations of men, enrol themselves in a society called "della misericordia." In accordance with their title, the object of their union is the relief of distress, in whatever shape it may attack its victims: they clothe the naked, feed the hungry, visit the sick, and procure them medical aid, relieve

the unfortunate debtor, and when life is spent, they perform the last offices which are due to the remains of mortality, and convey to the grave, on their own shoulders, the bodies of those, whose relations cannot afford the expenses of a funeral. None are admitted as associated members but persons of good character: when once they become members all inequality of rank is done away with, and whether high or low, rich or poor, all in their turns perform the duties of the fraternity. Head-quarters are established at some church in a central part of the place, where there is a regular attendance of members in rotation, and when called out on duty, they are strictly enjoined by the rules of their order to go disguised, in order that they may not be instigated to works of charity by ostentation. Their disguise consists of a loose frock of black glazed cotton, which, covering the head, and having two holes to enable the wearer to see before him, reaches down to the feet. When accidents occur in any part of the city, some person proceeding to the nearest church, strikes one of the bells a certain number of times, which is always preconcerted and made known to the community by every means of publicity; when immediately some of the "corps de garde," as they may well be called, issue from their head quarters, and hasten to the spot prepared for administering every relief, which, in the

circumstances of the case, is capable of being applied. When a poor person is ill, they are immediately informed of it by some of their emissaries, and if there be no relation to discharge the duties of a nurse, they constitute themselves personal attendants on the sick; and remain by their couch, administering not only medicines but food and every thing that is required, until the patient either recovers or dies; and in the last case, convey their bodies to the grave. The funds of the society are partly supplied by annual subscription, and partly by voluntary contributions, which last are collected in the following manner. Once every fortnight fresh office-holders are appointed, and all placed under the immediate control of one man for the time being; who becomes responsible for the good conduct of his subordinates. Of these a certain portion are appointed as the daily guard at head-quarters, others are appointed as visitors, and others to go about soliciting the contributions of the charitably disposed. This last duty, like all the others incidental to the society, is performed with an energy, which nothing but a strong sense of being meritoriously engaged can give. Disguised in their hooded frocks, and holding in their hands a wooden box with the name of the society written on it in large characters, they traverse every street and lane, stand for a moment before every house, shake

the box to intimate their presence, and receive, with a bow of acknowledgment, the smallest sums. No well dressed person, walking in the street, escapes their notice, and few who are acquainted with the objects they have in view, would allow them to pass without contributing their mite. In the discharge of this duty they are not permitted to speak lest they should be recognised by their voices. Of this excellent institution, the Grand Duke himself is a member; and though he might well be held exempt from its duties, it is well known that he has more than once put on his disguise, and gone about with the box. Such an example, in so high a quarter, cannot fail to be attended with beneficial results, and must contribute in some degree to rouse the higher orders from that unfeeling indifference to every thing but the gratification of their senses, which has so long been their distinguishing characteristic.

LETTER XXIV.

ROME—SCHOLASTIC EXAMINATION—SERMON.

Pisa, *March 20th* 1827.

We have just returned from a hasty visit to Rome; conceiving that it would be an act of the grossest irreverence to leave Italy, without seeing the eternal city. With me it was the renewal of an old acquaintance, and yet I contemplated the various wonders it contains with all the interest of a novice. Rome is so well known and has been so faithfully described by others, that (putting out of the question my incapacity for the task) it would but be a waste of time to attempt its description. One Sunday, during our short visit, we were induced, by the expectation of hearing a very celebrated *quaresimist*, or lent preacher, to go to the Jesuits' church, which after St. Peter's and Santa Maria Maggiore, is one of the largest and most splendid in Rome. Being too early for the sermon, and finding that a vast number of boys, (not less than four hundred) were about to be catechised, we examined some of the pictures which

adorn the church, and had not waited long when they entered, and were speedily ranged under the capacious dome in the form of a hollow square, the centre of which was occupied by the teachers. The business of the day was opened by prayer, when this was terminated, the whole company rose and sung a hymn. The immense dome overhead seeming to harmonize their untutored voices, and return them to the body of the church converted into the softest melody. This ended, the catechisation began. And being desirous of knowing something of the style of instruction practised by members of this celebrated order, I drew near to a class, consisting of boys, between thirteen and fifteen years of age.—Their instructor was examining them on the mysteries of the eucharist: I can only recollect a few of the questions and answers; and these were to the following effect:—

After some preliminary questions, the priest asked,

(1.) Q. In receiving the wafer, what is it, in reality, which you receive?

A. The body of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(2.) Q. By the body of our Lord do you understand the flesh only, or the flesh and the blood?

A. The flesh and the blood: because a body cannot consist of one of these substances alone.

(3.) Q. Receiving then in the form of a wafer, the flesh and the blood of Jesus Christ, is it at all necessary that you be a partaker of the wine, which is his blood?

A. No.

I could not but observe to myself what ridiculous sophistries the Roman Catholics are driven to by their belief in what is called transubstantiation. "Because," say they, "our Lord is really and personally present in the consecrated wafer, it is necessary that we prove the presence therein, not only of his flesh, but of his blood;" and this is supposed to be satisfactorily done by the sagacious argument involved in the question marked N° (2.) Could they but be prevailed upon to see, in its simplest light, the significant imagery of our Lord, when he presented to his disciples the broken bread, as emblematical of his flesh, which was to be bruised and pierced, and the wine as emblematical of his blood, which was to be shed for the remission of sins; how would they despise the paltry sophisms to which, in the maintenance of this their favourite dogma, they are reduced!—When the examinations were terminated, and some trifling rewards, such as prints of saints, were distributed to such as had been distinguished by the readiness of their answers, the boys filed out of church in good order; while those

who had been looking on pressed around a low desk, from whence the preacher was expected to hold forth. We had not been seated long when I observed a dark and gloomy visaged priest approaching the desk, along the side aisle of the church, where the light was feeble, and gave to his colourless and morose countenance an expression the most sinister I ever beheld. He entered the desk, prayed in silence for a brief space, then rose from his knees, and, having seated himself, began to survey his congregation with eyes the keenest and most penetrating you can imagine: the wrinkles, which were gathered on his brow, gradually relaxed, his countenance expanded, a smile spread itself over his now handsome features, and in a voice extremely soft and musical, and with an expression the most engaging, he began a discourse, which will be strongly impressed on my memory to the latest hour of my existence. Confession of sins was the subject of his address; he represented it as one of the most beneficial portions of religious exercise, when duly performed: and, on the other hand, one of the most dangerous, if executed in a careless and inconsiderate manner. But I must attempt to give you some portions of his discourse, as nearly as I can, in his own words, while you must conceive them to be accompanied with the most admirable acting.

His commencement was very abrupt; after giving out the text, which I did not hear, he began :—" What is it, my children, which the devil most dreads, as offering the greatest hinderance to the establishment of his kingdom in your hearts? Is it the frequent repetition of the sacrifice of mass? No. Do the *quaresimists* (lent preachers) excite his apprehension? No. They may preach humility and contrition; but they cannot enforce obedience to their exhortations. . . . . . I will tell you, my friends, what it is he most dreads: it is the confessional: he knows that a sincere and full confession of sins is followed by as full a pardon; so that all his previous success is neutralized. But the devil is not easily discouraged; he knows that, although a sincere and full confession is rewarded by as ample a remission of sins; yet an insincere and partial one only tends to increase the condemnation of the offender. His object, then, is to promote insincerity and hypocrisy in those who approach the confessional: there he takes his stand: it is there he is ever on the watch: there he stands;" (pointing, at the same time, to a confessional) " there he stands, ready to seize upon the first unhappy sinner who shall approach to unburthen himself of his sins." Many here involuntarily turned their eyes in the direction of the priest's finger, for a verification of what he said; but, at all events,

his Satannic majesty was not visible; though, since the preacher said so, he must undoubtedly have been there in *propria persona*, listening to the account which was being given of his sagacity. After proceeding in this strain for some time, he went on to illustrate the danger of an insincere confession, by the following narration:—"You have all "of you heard, no doubt, how elephants are taken "in the wilds of Africa: how these gigantic ani- "mals, being unable to lie down, take their repose "at night, leaning against trees. Returning, as "they do, many successive nights to the same trees, "the hunters easily discover these in the day-time "by the marks which they leave behind; and, "sawing them nearly through at the bottom, place "themselves in ambush somewhere in the vicinity, "and there wait the result. The poor, unsuspect- "ing beast returns at nightfall to his usual place of "rest, leans against the deceitful tree, and instant- "ly falls prostrate on the ground, from which "being unable to rise, he becomes an easy prey to "the wily hunters. So it is with you: the devil "is your hunter; he sees you reposing implicitly "on the benefits which you are told to expect from "confession, and he resolves to undermine the rock "against which you rest. He first converts you "into hypocrites, and, persuading you that confes-

" sion is a task of easy accomplishment, and re-
" quiring no fore-thought or preparation, he brings
" you, thus minded, to the confessional, where you
" confess, perhaps, one sin in a hundred, excusing
" or forgetting the rest: on this mockery of con-
" fession you lean, as on that which is to give you
" repose; and leaning, you fall into the trap which
" the devil has set for you, he all the time being
" amused at your egregious folly. . . . . .
" You make confession a mere matter of conveni-
" ence. On rising in the morning, your first busi-
" ness is to get shaved and hear the news of the town;
" not being very busy perhaps, you then step into a
" coffee-house and read the *Diario*; on loitering
" homewards, the open door of a church attracts
" your attention, and suddenly recollecting that it
" is a long time since you confessed, and that your
" sins are accumulating, you enter, and without
" further preparation, forthwith, as you conceive,
" disburthen yourself of your sins.—I was one day
" applied to by one of this sort for absolution, and
" I will tell you how I treated him. A penitent,
" with whom I was already engaged, kept him
" some time waiting, and his manner exhibited une-
" quivocal signs of impatience. At length, however,
" the coast was clear, and then, clothing himself in
" all the externals of humility, he began:—" Father,

"I wish to confess."—Well, my son, replied I, "proceed, I am all attention. "Father, I have "been so wicked as to say Arch-priest." That "is very bad indeed; but is that all? "No, Fa- "ther, I ate meat last Friday without having a "dispensation." Any thing more? "No, Father, I "cannot recollect that I have offended in any other "respect." Pray now tell me, my son, said I, "how long is it since you last confessed? "A "year," was the reply. A year? That is indeed a "long time. Now tell me; what had you for din- "ner last Sunday week? "Indeed, Father, I can- "not at this moment remember; but if you will "give me a short time to————" Come, no hesi- "tation; tell me this instant of what your last "Sunday's dinner consisted? "Indeed, Father, I "have forgotten." Oh! unworthy son of the "church that thou art, said I, go about thy busi- "ness; expect no absolution from me: you come, "pretending to be able to recal all the delinquen- "cies of a year, and yet your memory is so frail, "that you cannot tell me what you ate for dinner "fourteen days ago! Begone! make room for "more devout Christians than thyself, and learn "that the confessional is not safely to be trifled "with."—He then expatiated on the ignorance which prevailed, especially among the young, in religious

matters. "Your parents," he said, "spend a great "deal of money on what is called your education; "but, to judge from what I see before me, a great "deal more on your dress. In this education you "are taught to act your part with elegance and "grace, in a waltz or a cotillion. Your dancing "master always finds you at home, and ready to "receive his instructions; and so perhaps does your "music master. But when your religious instruct- "or is announced, it is, "Pray excuse me for the "present; I am very busy studying the last new "opera;" or if you do condescend to sit down and "hear his instructions, it is to hear only and not to "understand. Hence your ignorance in all that "concerns your eternal welfare. Now I will make "bold to say, that there are many now before me, "who, if I were to ask them how many sacra- "ments there are, would be unable to answer me, "or perhaps would reply, "Three; faith, hope, and "charity." This stroke of humour was too much for the gravity of his audience, whose risible muscles had been more than once excited; they one and all gave way to the occasion, and a slight hum of laughter was distinctly heard proceeding from the assembled crowd.—In a similar strain of humour, accompanied with the finest acting imaginable, the good Father held forth for more than an hour; with

what advantage to his audience, I do not take upon me to say. But I should humbly conceive that they would retire to their homes, more amused than instructed; and would speak of Father ———— as a most entertaining preacher, and the inventor of some as pretty stories about the devil and the confessional, as they had ever heard.

LETTER XXV.

JOURNEY FROM PISA TO GENOA.

Genoa, *April* 8, 1827.

We left our abode at Pisa on the third instant at noon, and arrived here, the day before yesterday, about seven in the evening, having had the finest possible weather for our journey. Our road, for the two first days, lay at the base of the Appennines, seldom more than four or five miles from the sea; many beautiful points of view presented themselves to us as we journeyed along, especially on our approaching Massa, which is very pleasantly situated on a rising ground, and commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country. From Massa to Sarzana we found the road most execrable: the latter place is a large and well built town, and contains a cathedral of some pretensions. Two of its chapels or oratories are ornamented with altar pieces of very ancient workmanship, which have been recovered from the ruins of the ancient city of Lunæ, not far from Sarzana. The quarries, from whence the Car-

rara marble is brought, were within sight of the road as we passed along: while every barn and stable, having its window and door frames of marble, proved the material to be of very easy acquisition. Soon after traversing the Magra, a torrent impassable after heavy rains, we arrived at La Spezzia; beautifully situated at the bottom of the gulf whose name it bears. Having a narrow entrance, and being inclosed with mountains, covered to their summits with olive or chesnut groves, this gulf has all the appearance of an inland lake. We walked out at night to enjoy the sight of its tranquil bosom, lighted up by a splendid moon. The scene was one of enchantment; the light of the moon was reflected from the smooth surface of the water as from a resplendent mirror; while such a universal stillness prevailed, that when an occasional ripple burst at our feet, it made us start. Numerous lights appeared moving about upon the water, which at first we were at a loss to account for; but as some of them approached near where we stood, we found they proceeded from persons engaged in fishing. These men, when the sea is tranquil, walk into the water, having in one hand a spear, and in the other a torch. The fish are attracted by the light, and, when near it, become so dazzled, that they dare not or cannot

move; and in that state are easily struck by the spear. One of the fishermen, while near us, struck his weapon into the water two or three times, each time with success.—From Spezzia to Genoa, the road is entirely new, having been open to the public only about four years. It was commenced under the auspices of the Princess Elise, one of Napoleon's sisters; who, like her brother, was convinced that the first step towards improving a country, is the establishment of ready means of communication from one part of it to another. It is about 70 miles long, and the expense of its construction is estimated at five francisconi, or something more than a pound sterling per Braccia*: and yet, notwithstanding this, it is traversed in its whole length without the payment of a single *sous* for tolls. The whole country is a succession of mountains, over whose ridges the road is carried with a very trifling acclivity; bridges of a solid and elegant construction are thrown over chasms and torrents; while galleries are cut in the solid rocks, whose perpendicularity renders it utterly impossible to construct a road on their sides. About five hours after leaving Spezzia, we stopped to rest our horses at a village, in the very heart of the mountains, called Borghetto.

* 2 feet.

It seems to have been constructed chiefly for the accommodation of travellers, since the only houses which aspire to be any thing more than mere cabins, are *hotels*, as they proudly boast themselves.—When we had advanced half way between this place and Sestri (where we slept), continually on the ascent, we burst suddenly, on attaining the summit of a high mountain, upon a fine view of the sea, which, with one or two trifling exceptions, we never lost sight of all the way to Genoa. Sestri is prettily situated on the sea shore, having a sweet bay before it, terminated at both extremities by high and irregular rocky mountains. From hence to Genoa, the drive is beautiful beyond the power of imagination to conceive. On the right hand are the mountains, covered with pines, ilexes, olives, and chesnut trees, in descending gradation, and having here and there convents perched in the most prominent situations: on either side of the road are beautiful villas, worthy of Roman magnificence; with gardens tastefully laid out and abounding in every variety of shrub and flower. The hedges by the road-side are composed of rows of aloes, many of them eight or ten feet high, and constituting with their sharp pointed leaves an impenetrable fence. While on the left is the Mediterranean sea, its shore lined with villages which almost unite with one another, and indented with

an ever-varying succession of capes and bays. Sometimes the road lies so near the shore, that in case of a violent storm from the south-west, the traveller could hardly expect to escape a ducking; again it rises to a great height, having the deep blue sea so immediately beneath it that you may throw stones into the water; then following the course of ravines until a suitable place is found for crossing them, it winds among the mountains, and only affords occasional glimpses of the sea, rendered more beautiful by the foreground of chesnut and olive groves, through which it is seen. The first view of Genoa "the superb" is obtained on emerging from a noble gallery, which perforates a mountain, whose passage would otherwise be extremely difficult. At first sight it is impossible to distinguish the actual city from the crowd of villas which surround it on every side to the distance of many miles; but the towers of its churches and the forest of masts, which appear at its lower extremity, at length decide its situation. From this place, which is fifteen miles from Genoa, we travelled through an almost uninterrupted succession of villas, so remarkable for the richness of their external decorations, and the elegance of the terraced gardens which surround them, that long before we had reached the confines of the city, we were quite

ready to admit its right to the title of "superb;" and were moreover persuaded that had we not travelled from Pisa to Genoa by the new road, we should have lost some of the grandest scenery which Italy can produce.

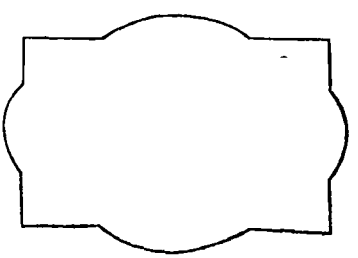
LETTER XXVI.

GENOA—PALAZZO SERRA—PROMENADE—CATHEDRAL —CHURCH OF CARIGNANO—GENERAL REMARKS.

Genoa, *April* 10, 1827.

Our projected stay here being very short, and one of the days being Sunday, we were only able to visit a few of the many objects which claim the attention of travellers. The Palazzo Brignoli, or as it is called, the Red Palace, was the first point to which we directed our steps. It contains some very fine paintings by Vandyke, which are chiefly portraits of the Brignoli family; and some Guidos of tolerable merit; but the best picture in the collection is by Rubens, representing himself and his mistress, with a faun looking over her shoulder; immediately over it is written in large characters the word "Castitas," which, when referred to the picture in question, did not appear to be very easy of application, and puzzled us not a little; but on looking upwards we found it had reference to a painting in the ceiling, which possessed very small claims on our observation. We next visited the Serra Palace, which contains

the most splendid saloon in Europe. Its shape is nearly that of a double cube: the gilding is at the same time extremely rich and beautifully elegant; immense mirrors opposite to each other give it an appearance of interminable magnitude; the chairs and sofas are covered with embroidered silk of Lyons exquisitely wrought, and when I tell you that these alone cost the enormous sum of 40,000 francs, or about L.1600, sterling, you may from this one item in the account, form some conception of the treasure which has been laid out in the embellishment of this splendid apartment. Contiguous to this saloon, which, in richness of ornament, stands unrivalled, there are two smaller rooms, no less worthy of admiration. One of these especially is of the most beautiful proportions, and is constructed on a plan which I have seen nowhere else. It is a parallelogram intersected by an ellipse.



On Sunday as we returned from attending divine service at the chapel belonging to the British fac-

tory, which is small, but fitted up with great neatness, on coming into the great street named Strada Balbi, we found all the *beau monde* of Genoa taking their mid-day promenade. The street was literally crowded with persons of both sexes; among the men, the military of course were most conspicuous, and owing to the presence of the court at Genoa at that time were in considerable numbers; but our attention was chiefly attracted towards the fair sex, who constituted by far the most numerous part of the assemblage. Their dresses were almost uniformly of the richest silk, and made after so simple and becoming a fashion that they looked like a company of quakers. A square veil of white muslin constituted the general head-dress, which, just covering the back part of the head, and leaving exposed to view the dark ringlets of the wearers, fell gracefully over the shoulders. The sight was at once interesting and new, especially as regards Italy, for in most of her cities, as Milan, Florence, and Rome, a lady of quality never leaves her house except in a carriage; while here the use of carriages being confined to the three streets, Balbi, Nuova, and Nuovissima, they are by no means common, and thus the ladies of Genoa are more in the habit of using their feet, than those of any other city in Italy. I cannot say we left the company of promenaders with the recollection of

much personal beauty impressed on our memories; but such was the elegance and simplicity of their dress, and modesty of their gait, that it would be the height of injustice to say that personal charms were wanting.

The metropolitan church of San Lorenzo is a fine Gothic structure, and though externally there is nothing but the door-ways that merit particular notice, the interior is very rich in marbles and statues. One chapel on the left of the entrance, is extremely beautiful, and contains some statues of very considerable merit. The tabernacle, used as a receptacle for the holy sacrament, is a Grecian temple of the whitest marble, and though not in the least according with the character of the structure, of which it is an ornament; yet, separately considered, it is an elegant piece of architecture in miniature. The church is said to contain some good pictures, but the king being momentarily expected to assist at the celebration of high mass, there was so great a crowd assembled that we could not get near them: indeed, independently of a lack of physical strength, our olfactory nerves were so violently assailed by the fumes of garlic, that we gladly availed ourselves of an opportunity to escape into the open air.—The church of Carignano, which we next visited, is nobly situated and commands a fine view of the town and harbour. It, as well as the bridge

which connects it with the rest of the city, and which spans a chasm of vast depth, was built at the sole expense of the Sauli family. Its form is a Greek cross: the walls look bare, and there is an air of incompletion about the whole building which disappointed our expectations, raised as they were by the reports of guide books. It contains, however, some good pictures; a St. Francis, by Guercino, and the martyrdom of St. Blaize, by Carlo Maratta, are the best. On the whole it may be remarked of Genoa, that its churches are not what might be expected from its general character for magnificence. Many of them, the Annunciata for example, have been commenced on a grand scale; but the funds having been exhausted before the design was completed, they are for the most part very shabby externally, presenting an unseemly mass of brick and mortar, which, as it was intended to be cased with marble, has not even received a common smoothing with the trowel.

On the other hand, the private palaces, are, many of them, in a style of splendour and magnificence quite regal: so much so, indeed, that their possessors not being masters of one tithe of the wealth of those who built them, are either obliged to forsake them altogether, or inhabit but a few apartments, and those often the shabbiest of the whole. Genoa is too near Marseilles and Livorno, ever to become

again a place of great trade. But the Sardinian government, resolved as it should seem, to make the most of this, their new acquisition, at the same time that they give it the name of a free port, load every article of foreign produce with such a weight of imposts, that the trade carried on in its spacious harbour is very trifling indeed.—The king of Sardinia maintains a more powerful naval armament than any other sovereign of Italy, unless it be the king of Naples. He has eight or nine sail, carrying from ten to sixty guns, and these are chiefly employed in convoying his traders to the Levant, or protecting them from the Algerine pirates.—An attempt was made two or three years ago to establish a communication by steam packet, between Naples, Livorno, Genoa and Marseilles. On its first appearance at Genoa, the seamen employed in the coasting trade, seeing the means of procuring a livelihood about to be taken from them, as they conceived, addressed a humble petition to the king that he would interfere in their behalf. His majesty having a species of undefined horror for every kind of improvement introduced from England, lest it should, as it were, communicate a love of freedom to his subjects, gladly availed himself of the seamen's petition, as a pretext, and gave notice to the steam packet agents, that on every future occasion of the arrival of their

ship, it would be put under quarentine. This was a deadly blow to a plan which held out a prospect of much convenience to such travellers as are unable to endure the fatigues and *disagrèmens* of a land journey in Italy. It continued to run one year after this, leaving Genoa out of its course, but difficulties were thrown in its way at Naples also, and it is now discontinued. The heights above Genoa are surmounted with batteries; and the lines, when properly manned, are said to be capable of resisting the attack of thirty thousand men.—Genoa may justly be proud of its hospitals, constructed and endowed in her most glorious days. The *Albergo dei Poveri*, built at the expense of one of the Brignoli family, is not equalled by any thing of the kind on the continent. It constitutes an asylum for one thousand persons, who have been reduced to want, either by age or misfortune. It is a noble monument to the memory of its founder, and one which entitles him to our highest admiration and respect.

LETTER XXVII.

JOURNEY FROM GENOA TO COMO—GIOVEDI SANTO.

Como, *April* 15, 1827.

We left Genoa, at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 9th instant, for Milan. For the first four or five miles the road gradually ascends by the side of the Polcevera; it then leaves its companion, and by many circuitous windings attains the summit of the ridge of mountains which separate the Plains of Lombardy from the shores of the Mediterranean. It is singular that the Appennines, as they approach the more majestic Alps, assume a tamer and less romantic character, as if cowering before the aspect of a superior. The old road of the Bochetta, wearisome because of its badness, and sometimes dangerous because of its solitudes, has been abandoned for two or three years; and when the new one has attained greater consistency, it will be perhaps as fine a road as any in Italy; and certainly no country in Europe, England alone excepted, can boast such excellent high-ways.. Even Mr. M'Adam himself would be

no worse for a diligent inspection of the Italian mode of road-making. There is great room in this country, whose surface is chiefly occupied by rugged mountains, for the display of science, and the engineers of Italy have earned for themselves a reputation, which ages yet to come will acknowledge.—The descent to the Plains on the east side of the Pass, is so trifling that I should conjecture their level to be many hundred feet above that of Genoa. We slept the first night at a small town called Quarto, where we found a good inn. The next day brought us to Casteggio, where a conspiracy was formed against our repose by a most inveterate host of bugs. The following morning, after proceeding a few miles along a noble *chaussè*, lined on each side by a double row of trees, we found ourselves obliged to leave it, and take a cut through the fields for more than a league, the river Po having actually carried away a mile of the new road, and this for the second time. The fact is, the bed of the Po is constantly rising, and being, on occasion of great rains, exceedingly impetuous, it is perpetually making inroads on the plains, and especially about these parts, which it threatens entirely to lay waste in the course of a few years, if it be not previously confined to its bed by some powerful artificial means. This mischief is accomplished by the river before it receives its tri-

butaries, the Adda and Adige; so that the Tuscan saying does not hold good, which affirms

Il Po non sarebbe il Po
Se l'Adda e l'Adige
Non vi giungerebbe il Co.

Soon after crossing this river we came to the Piedmontese Dogana, where being "fuorescenti" we suffered no inconvenience. At the Austrian Custom-House all our trunks were taken down and examined, but in such a business-like manner, and with so much civility that we were not disposed to complain, especially as there seemed to be no disposition on the part of the officers employed to accept a bribe.

We passed through Pavia without stopping; it is a spacious city, and the principal street presents a handsome display of shops, and a degree of bustle and activity which I was not led to expect from the character of desertion which is usually given of this once important and flourishing place. It was our intention to have devoted a couple of hours to a visit to the celebrated Certosa near Pavia; but indisposition and weariness said, nay. We saw it, however, from the road, and a vast pile of building it appears; it was suppressed by Joseph the 2nd, emperor of Germany, who entertained very odd notions regarding the property of public bodies. This con-

vent was become immensely rich, therefore it was suppressed; but the then members were permitted to remain during life, with a bare sufficiency annually doled out to them by a stingy government, in place of the luxuries which had been so long at their command. The unfortunate but gallant Francis the first, when taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia by the troops of the emperor Charles the fifth, was conveyed to this convent, where he slept his first sleep as a captive.

We reached Milan at 6 P. M. on the third day after our departure from Genoa, scorched with heat and half-choked with dust. And on the whole, though there is little to complain of, either as regards the road or the inns (always excepting the Post House at Casteggio), there can hardly be found a less interesting journey than the one from Genoa to Milan. —I lost no time in proceeding onward to Como, to secure a house for our summer residence on the beautiful lake of that name. The day I arrived there, being Giovedi Santo, I found it the scene of great festivity. The town was crowded to excess by people from great distances, some having come more than forty miles to participate in the religious ceremonies appointed for the day. Of these the annual benediction to be pronounced on the lake by the bishop seemed to be looked to with the liveliest

interest. My business, however, calling me away from the town, I was not present at its celebration. But on returning to Como, about 7 o'clock in the evening, after a successful voyage, which had occupied a great part of the day, I enjoyed a scene which pleased me much more than I could have been by the pageantry of any Roman Catholic ceremony whatever. The evening was clear and so tranquil that not a ripple was visible on the surface of the water, on which, as on the most spotless mirror, were reflected the mountains which enclose the lake almost on every side. On doubling a point of rock about a mile from Como, the whole bay, which lies expanded in a circular form before the town, appeared covered with boats: I supposed there might have been three or four hundred, but my boatmen assured me there were more nearly a thousand. Most of those contained from 20 to 30 and even 40 persons, who apparently, impressed with a pious satisfaction as to the efficacy of the blessing which had been pronounced on them and on their darling lake, were returning to their distant homes chaunting "Ave Maria;" as they rowed slowly along; while the whole scene was rendered doubly imposing by the unusual stillness of the evening, the beautiful aspect of nature, and the *sober*

cheerfulness which seemed to reign in every countenance.

A month previous to this I had been present at the celebration of military mass in St. Peters at Rome, at which there assisted a full German regiment, attended by its band, certainly the best I ever heard. And when under the lofty dome of that most splendid of all modern temples, the numerous and well appointed band played the German hymn, and to the martial melody of their wind instruments, the whole regiment to a single man, added the suppressed tones of their manly voices in the chaunt, I thought that no music so truly sublime would ever again salute my ears. I was astonished and gratified beyond measure; but the impression made on my mind by the voices of perhaps ten thousand persons, united in chaunting their evening prayer, softened, as their sound fell upon my ear, by the influence of the water, into the sweetest melody, and with no roof over their heads but that of the high Empyrean, already beginning to be spangled with stars, was productive of a higher sensation than that of gratification or astonishment; of that pleasing calm and tranquillity of soul, which enables us to lift our thoughts above the flitting scene in which we are engaged, and raise them by ascending gradations "from nature, up to nature's God."

LETTER XXVIII.

LAKE OF COMO—COMO—FONTE PLINIANA.

Como, *May*, 1827.

We took possession of our new abode, on Saturday the 14th ult. It is delightfully situated on the eastern shore of the lake, about a hundred paces removed from the water, from which it is separated by a neat garden, well stocked with flowers, shrubs, and fruit-trees. Behind it rises, in a sort of amphitheatre, a range of mountains prettily checkered with villages and country houses about the base, and thickly clothed with wood up to their very summits. In front we have the lake, a beautiful expanse of water about two miles broad, and terminating at the base of a mountain range, exceeding in height those of our own side, but not so richly wooded, and consequently not forming so interesting a feature in the landscape. Looking a little to the left, we have the house formerly occupied by our ill-guided Queen, and behind it an opening which discloses a distant view

of the Alps, over a fore-ground richly wooded, and decorated with numerous churches and villages.—The lake extends in a direction nearly north and south; the two principal rivers which feed it are the Adda and the Mera; of which the latter falls into it at its northern extremity, and the former about ten miles short of it, after traversing a fertile valley twenty leagues in length. This, by its impetuosity and the immense quantity of soil which it hurries along with it, has so far encroached upon the lake, as to confine it within a very narrow compass, reducing it in fact to a level with itself, and giving it all the characteristics of a river; which in fact forms only a communication between, what now may be called, the upper and lower lakes. The whole length of the lake, including the upper part of it, which is called the Lake of Chiavenna, is about forty-eight miles; and in breadth it varies between one and a-half and five miles. About mid-way, between the two extremes, it forms two separate branches; one of which goes to Como and has no outlet; the other to Lecco, and is in fact the channel of the Adda, which there again assumes its name and fluminal character, though purified from the mud and slime which distinguishes it on its entrance into the lake. Numerous minor streams pay their contributions to the lake; and after much rain it is curious to see the

great quantity of cascades which stream down from the mountains on every side. I have frequently gone out into the middle of the lake on such occasions, and counted as many as seven or eight, all vying with each other in the gracefulness with which they fall.—The beauties of this lake were not unappreciated by the Romans. Pliny the Younger has immortalized them in his elegant epistles; and among them he spent much of his time; he had two villas on its borders which he distinguished by the titles, Tragœdia and Comœdia: their situation has never been exactly pointed out; though the sombre grandeur of the scenery about the modern villa called after him, Villa Pliniana, justifies one in the supposition that there stood his Tragœdia; antiquaries seem disposed to place the site of his Comœdia nearer to Como. Some of the villages bordering on the lake, have names strongly savouring of a Greek origin: as Dorio (Doris), Coreno (Corinth), and Dervio (Delphos). It is known that Julius Cæsar sent hither a colony of five hundred Grecians; and it is by no means improbable that these would give to their new abodes names which they had been accustomed to reverence; as Virgil has described Helenus having his

——— parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis
Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum,"

on the shores of Epirus. Como occupies the southern extremity of the lake, round which it extends in the form of a crescent, with two very considerable suburbs, the Borgo Sant Agostino on its right, and the Borgo di Vico on its left. The latter consists chiefly of splendid villas, belonging for the most part to wealthy Milanese families, who (and it shows their taste) are passionately fond of the lake. The view of the city, with its two wings when approached by water from the north, is very striking and beautiful. On the right presents itself a line of palaces extending little short of a mile in length; in the centre, the town itself, ornamented with the lofty dome of the cathedral, and the towers of numerous other churches; and on the left the Borgo Sant Agostino; while the back ground is filled up by well wooded hills, one of which, being a perfect cone, and having the ruins of an ancient fortress on its summit, contributes very materially to the beauty of the picture.

But I must introduce you to the many interesting objects which this lake affords, one by one as they came under our own notice. And first of all, the intermittent fountain at the Villa Pliniana: at the foot of the mountain, about 30 feet above the level of the lake, is a natural basin hollowed out of the rock, having only a narrow outlet: a stream of wa-

ter, beautifully clear, rushes out of the mountain and empties itself into this basin: for a certain length of time it flows so rapidly, that (the outlet being small) the basin fills up to the brim and even overflows its edges. Again the gush of water from the mountain gradually diminishes, and that in the basin as gradually acquires its lowest level. This alternation is repeated three times a day, though not with any very great regularity.—This spot was a favourite resort with the Younger Pliny, who exerted all the energies of his inquiring mind to find a solution of the singular phenomenon; but in vain: He suggested, indeed, in a letter to a friend, two modes of solving the difficulty; and all that later inquirers have done, has been to ring the changes on these suggestions, without being able to establish their justice, or to propose any new method of solution. One of his ways of accounting for it is this: he supposes the existence of a lake in the heart of the mountain; and he further supposes the surface of this lake to be agitated by wind to such a degree as to overflow its banks, and in this manner to feed the stream which empties itself into the outer basin. Now, supposing this overflowing to exceed in quantity that which is supplied to the lake by its hidden fountains, it would follow that, after a short time, the surface of the lake would be so much lowered

as entirely to cease overflowing, and so leave nothing for the outer basin but what filters through the pores of the rock. On being again replenished, the overflowing would recommence, and so on. This solution rests upon too many *suppositions*, to be worthy of much credit; though, of the existence of winds in the heart of the mountain, I had myself experimental proof: for, one day, as I was paddling my boat slowly along under an impending rock near the Pliniana, on passing a narrow cleft in it, not above a foot wide, I felt a sudden gush of wind proceeding from it, strong enough to turn the boat round; while all without was perfectly tranquil.—About four miles farther north, and on the same (the eastern) side of the lake, is a fine cascade, called the *Orrido di Nesso*, and that because of the darkness and depth of the chasm in which it falls; and which indeed constitutes its chief attraction: it is not visible from the lake; and, in order to obtain a view of it, we were under the necessity of penetrating some distance into the gloomy chasm; when, after being well drenched, and soiled with mud, we found ourselves at the foot of the fall, which is unbroken by any projecting rocks, and is, I should conjecture, about 180 feet in height. The season is not yet sufficiently advanced to induce us to visit the more distant parts of the lake, as the Tramez-

zina, as it is called, and the branch of Lecco: indeed, we have had so much rain and cold, that we find fires very acceptable. Three weeks ago, on our road from Genoa to Milan, we were dying with heat. So much for the highly boasted regularity of the Italian climate!

LETTER XXIX.

EXCURSION UP THE LAKE OF COMO—FIUME LATTE—VILLA MELZI—GROUP OF STATUES.

Como, *June*, 1827.

A FEW days ago, encouraged by an appearance of settled weather, we set out on an expedition to the upper parts of the lake. Our boat got under weigh at a quarter past three in the afternoon, and, with a light but steady breeze in our favour, we glided smoothly on to Bellaggio; now coasting one shore, now the other; admiring the ever-changing beauties of the scenery; directing our attention one moment to some wild and craggy mountains, which seemed to frown upon us as we passed; the next, wholly taken up with some domestic scene, some "shady blest retreat," inviting us to a participation of the tranquillity which reigned around it. On passing the Point of Cavagnola, which is about eight miles distant from our house, there burst upon our view a most splendid prospect, extending more than 20 miles up the lake, and taking in all the strongly contrasted beauties of sterile and productive nature

At its northern limit rose the abrupt and barren crags of the Splugen and its subsidiaries; on either side less lofty, but not less picturesque, mountains enclosed the scene, while in front lay extended a graceful mixture of all that is most captivating in the storehouses of nature and of art: villages with their lofty and elegant church towers; palaces with their hanging gardens, rising in unnumbered terraces one above another; and the more humble villas, with their neat shady walks skirting the edge of the lake, which is here a noble expanse of water; all these, harmonised and enriched by the mild effulgence of a westering sun, constituted a picture, such as angels might dwell upon with rapture! We landed at Bellaggio at 7 o'clock, and, not to lose so favourable an opportunity, immediately set out to the Serbelloni Villa, which crowns the promontory separating the two branches of Como and Lecco. The sun was not yet below the horizon when we reached the extreme point of the promontory; where, standing on a platform, and having immediately below us, at a depth of four hundred feet, the smooth bosom of the lake glowing with the richest hues reflected on it from the mountains on its eastern shore, on which the sun still shone, we enjoyed a noble view of the lake, up towards Chiavenna, and down towards Lecco, with all the subjacent villages, vil-

las, and palaces, which adorn its shores; while, from another point hard by, we were enabled to look down upon the Como branch; and were at a loss whether most to admire the richness of the latter, or the grandeur and magnificence which more especially characterize the other two branches of the lake.—Taking advantage of the steam packet, which plies daily between Como and Domaso, which latter place is only twelve miles short of the northern extremity of the lake, we got on board as she passed Bellaggio the next morning, and were thus enabled to take a nearer view of the mountains, which had filled so prominent a part of the picture of the preceding evening. The most striking and beautiful of these is the Monte Legnone; which, while it is the loftiest of those which do not claim kindred with the mighty Alps, and is some 7000 feet above the level of the lake, from its summit downwards, presents an inclination so regular, that one might almost fancy it to be the work of art. The swampy plain of Colico, over which the Adda ranges at will, and thus renders it the abode of noxious vapours, from whose influence, during the heats of summer, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood are obliged to fly for safety to the mountains, lay extended in the distance, before us, so low as scarcely to be distinguished from the lake, and surmounted by a turbid atmo-

sphere, big with the elements of disease. The rock and fort of Fuentes occupies a central position of the valley of the Adda, and, with its dismantled and deserted battlements, adds to the gloominess of the picture.—In the evening we visited the Fiume Latte—a torrent so called from its rushing impetuously down the side of the mountain in a milk-white foam. This singular stream has puzzled naturalists not less than the intermittent fountain at the Villa Pliniana. It issues from an orifice in the side of the mountain, so large, that a person, by stooping, may walk into it: it commences suddenly in the month of March, continues to increase until the arrival of the summer heats, then gradually decreases till the latter end of November, when it entirely ceases to flow. Its commencement so early in the year as March forbids one to suppose it can proceed from the melting of the snow, for at that season the sun's power is but small. During the winter some persons have been stimulated by curiosity to penetrate this natural tunnel, and proceeding onwards for two hours, have met with nothing in any way tending to solve the problem.—The Villa Melzi next claimed our attention; it is a superb mansion, erected very near the lake, and is approached by a noble flight of steps from the water's edge. Instead of a succession of stately rooms, such as

Italian palaces generally contain, in the arrangement of this comfort seems to have been chiefly aimed at. The garden, however, which surrounds it, is its chief attraction. This is called an English garden, and, in the beautiful irregularity of its arrangement, does credit to the appellation; while, in the rich variety of its flowers and shrubs, it surpasses any thing I ever saw in England. It enjoys quite an eastern climate; indeed so much so, that many recent importations from the Indian Archipelago, which it contains, look healthy and vigorous. A beautiful avenue of plane trees, interspersed with the elegant mimosa, conducts nearly half a mile along the water's edge, and affords a most luxurious evening promenade. In an opening in the centre is a beautiful group of statuary, representing Dante and Beatrice, designed, though not executed, by Canova. The subject is taken from the Paradise of Dante.—While in the fifth heaven, under the guidance of the beatified Beatrice, he meets, amongst others, the spirit of Cacciaguida, one of his ancestors, who predicts to him many of the misfortunes he was destined to endure on his return to the world, and amongst them banishment from his native land, which he thus describes—

* Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta
Piu caramente: e questo è quello strale
Che l'arco dell'Esilio pria saetta.
Tu proverai sì come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle
Lo scendere e'l salir per l'altrui scale.

The poet, saddened by this prediction, contemplates it,

† "Temprando 'l dolce con l'acerbo,"

with an expression of melancholy which does not escape the observation of his guide, who consoles him, saying,

‡ "Muta pensier; pensa ch'io sono
"Presso colui ch'ogni torto disgrava."

Re-assured by these words, he turns himself:

§ "Al amoroso suono,
"Del suo conforto."

This is the attitude in which the sculptor has repre-

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* Thou shalt forsake each thing loved most dearly: and this is the first shaft emitted from the bow of exile. Thou shalt experience how the bread of others savours of salt, and how hard a path is the ascending and descending by other people's stairs.

† Tempering the sweet with the bitter.

‡ Change your meditation; think that I am near him who lightens every wrong.

§ To the lovely sound of his guardian spirit.

sented him; and well does he express the affectionate reliance on his angel guide, which the words convey.

On our return homewards, we paid a passing visit to the Somariva Palace. Besides the beautiful gardens which adorn this elegant villa, it contains within some good modern paintings and statues; of the latter, the most worthy of observation are, a Palamedes by Canova, a good statue, and a Mars and Venus by Acquisti. But its richest ornament is, or rather will be (for it is not yet completed), the triumph of Alexander, represented in *basso relievo*, by Torwaldsen—now that Canova is no more, the first sculptor in the world.

LETTER XXX.

THE VICINITY OF THE LAKE OF COMO CONSIDERED AS A SUMMER RESIDENCE—ITS CHARACTER—REPTILES—RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS—IGNORANCE OF THE LOWER ORDERS.

Como, *July* 31, 1827.

To genuine admirers of the beauties of nature, exhibited in every imaginable variety, the Lake of Como cannot fail to afford a most agreeable residence during the summer. Removed from the busy hum of men, they may here contemplate the ornamental works of the creation (if I may be allowed to use such an expression, in speaking of those parts of it which yield to none in productiveness and utility) with ever-increasing gratification. Nor is the scene which claims their admiration an inanimate one: the mountains' sides, though clothed with chesnut trees, which, of all European trees, possess the most brilliant foliage, are yet chequered with numerous villages; while many of the most commanding heights are crowned with churches. The lake itself ever presents a number of boats, either impelled slowly along by rowers, or rapidly gliding onwards under the influence of the *breve* or *tivan*—two winds

which, in settled weather, return with the regularity of morning and evening: the former commencing about ten in the morning, and blowing steadily from the south until about one o'clock; the latter about three, and blowing as steadily from the north until six or seven in the evening. On market days especially, the concourse of boats at Como is so considerable, that you can seldom look out upon the water without seeing from fifteen to five-and-twenty at the same time, working their way to or from the market. The climate, moreover, is free from that intenseness of heat which characterizes the rest of Italy, and the atmosphere, being daily agitated by the two winds just mentioned, never stagnates; so that, during the prevalence even of the greatest heat, you never feel that suffocating oppressiveness with which it is often attended in more northern latitudes.—Having given you one side of the picture, it is but fair that I should now present to you the other. It must be confessed that we have an excessive proportion of rain. On referring to my diary, I find that, from the eighteenth of April to the end of that month, we had six days of rain successively: in May we had eleven days of heavy rain, and six with occasional showers: in June thirteen days on which rain fell; while in the present month we have only had nine such days. We have seldom rain

without thunder, and that the loudest I ever heard: the very mountains seem to shake under its influence. These storms sometimes approach with a grandeur, which it would require the poetic pen of Thomson to describe. Ploughing up the surface of the lake, which a moment before perhaps was as smooth as a sheet of glass, they advance with inconceivable rapidity; the thunder meantime rattling over head, and the winds bellowing and struggling with the opposing woods, seem as though they would tear them up by the roots and plunge them into the troubled waters beneath. Woe betide the unwary boatman who is overtaken by one of these hurricanes in the middle of the lake; if he endeavour to force his boat against the tide he must inevitably sink, his only chance is to scud before the wind and make the shore as soon as he can, without considering where. About six weeks ago, I gave permission to my servant to take the children and nursemaid out upon the lake for a short time: the day was as fine as a summer's day can be: having been up the greater part of the preceding night, I threw myself on my bed and soon fell asleep; but in about an hour was awoke by the banging of doors, and the rushing noise of a furious storm. I got up immediately and ran down to the lake to see if my children were safe. Not a boat was to be seen, the waves were breaking furiously on the op-

posite shore, and I was convinced that a boat like mine could not live in such a sea. I inquired of the peasants who lived near if they had seen it; they replied, it had been observed about an hour before, going out, but they, none of them, could tell which way it had gone. To send in pursuit was therefore vain, and I was under the painful necessity of waiting in the most anxious suspense. By and by the lake resumed its tranquillity; one hour passed without bringing any intelligence; another elapsed and increased my anxiety: the shades of evening closed in, and I gave up my children for lost. In the meantime boat after boat had passed, which had been compelled to take shelter during the storm; at length we descried a boat slowly advancing from the opposite side in the direction of my house, having another empty boat in tow: I watched it with an intenseness of anxiety which I cannot describe: on its nearer approach, I perceived, to my unspeakable joy, that all was right, and need not add the rest. My Italian servant was so overcome, that he could hardly give me an account of what had happened. I gathered from him, however, that he had rowed the boat into the middle of the lake, and there being taken up by looking at the steam packet which was then passing, the gathering storm had escaped his notice; and when he would have

returned to our own shore he found it too late; the hurricane had already taken possession of that part of the lake which intervened between them and our villa; and he found there was nothing left for him but to take advantage of the wind and hasten to the opposite shore: there he fortunately arrived, got the nursemaid and children on shore, when a wave came, drove the boat upon a rock and filled her with water: a moment later and they must have been drowned! the boat was so bruised that they could not venture to trust themselves to it although the storm had ceased, and the necessity of procuring another had occasioned the delay.

The lake, though beautiful, is certainly treacherous, and the greatest caution and circumspection is necessary to be exercised by those who trust themselves on its bosom. This is perhaps one of the greatest inconveniences attending our situation, as we have only the alternative of going to Como, or anywhere else, by water or on foot. To me, indeed, either alternative is equally agreeable, but all are not fond of walking eight or ten miles, great part of which is very fatiguing; though the scenery which he enjoys from the foot path, be such as would have enhanced the beauties of paradise.—Reptiles of various descriptions are very numerous: especially near the water's edge, there is an abundance of

snakes which spend great part of their time in the water; among these I one day observed one having something very like fins on each side of its head, it was nearly black, but before I could get near enough to destroy it, it plunged into the water, and though I often returned to the same spot, I could never afterwards get a glimpse of it. Adders do not frequent the water, but chiefly the higher parts of the mountains: they are said to be very poisonous. Scorpions are so numerous that we occasionally found them in our beds; however, I was assured by a Como physician, that their sting is neither so painful nor so poisonous as that of a wasp. You will be apt to say all these circumstances militate sadly against my assertion, that the lake of Como affords even to the admirer of nature, an agreeable summer residence. In reply, I have only to add, that I have already spent two summers on its shores, and were I ever to spend another summer south of the Alps it should be here. —The peasants of this country make a great show of religion; processions are of very frequent occurrence, and are carried to an extent which would surprise you. Twice during our stay here the whole population of the village in which we live, have made the circuit of the parish lands; headed by the priest and chaunting a Litany as they wound their way along the acclivities of the mountains. Annually, on the

ninth Sunday after Trinity, * they go in procession to Como, which, at the least, is four miles distant, to ensure a supply of rain; and this, it appears to me, whether they require it or not. Certainly this year those who joined in the procession, narrowly escaped a ducking.—The language spoken in this part of Italy, is a most barbarous Patois; but the inhabitants throw into their conversation a degree of vivacity and simple eloquence such as I have nowhere else observed; and which must have excited astonishment in the minds of many who heard them examined, on occasion of the late Queen's trial in the House of Lords. I fell in with a peasant one day who had been subpœnaed as a witness in her defence, and asked him, whether he was not a good deal alarmed on being introduced before that august assembly? He replied, that at first the gentlemen, with their black gowns and capacious wigs, did excite in him a little uneasiness; but in a lucky moment it came across his mind that they exactly resembled the masks which he was accustomed to see annually at Como during the Car-

* The first lesson appointed for morning service on this day in our church, and I believe also in the Roman Catholic, is the 18th chapter of the first book of Kings, which contains an account of the sending of rain after a three years' drought. May not the institution of this annual procession be in correspondence with this circumstance?

nival; and then all fear forsook him, he felt himself quite at home, and underwent an examination that continued six hours.

Extreme ignorance pervades the lower orders, and with it extreme credulity. There is no miracle, however ill got up it may be, that is beyond their belief, as we had frequent opportunities of observing: a small work, relating the apparition of a miraculous cross in France during the winter of 1826, published at Como, has a very extensive circulation; and scarcely a year passes that the relics of San Firmo, do not perform some miraculous cure, which is eagerly swallowed by the multitude. Their festivals are very numerous, and are often held in remote places, where there is a church or convent dedicated to some particular saint. These festivals always begin with the celebration of high mass, and end in drunkenness and fighting. Of this we had weekly experience: a low wine-house was established near us, and every Sunday evening presented a scene of beastly intoxication, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel at any country ale-house in England, even on the day of the village feast.—The quantity of wine they guzzle is quite surprising; and being, as it is, very strong bodied, and only three halfpence a bottle, the wonder is, that instead of only getting drunk, they do not kill themselves outright.

LETTER XXXI.

STATE OF AGRICULTURE IN THE MILANESE—CRIMINAL LAWS—PROSCRIPTION—THE LOWER ORDER OF ITALIANS A HARDY RACE—RESTRICTIONS ON TRADE—INSURRECTION.

Como, *Aug.* 1827.

THE Milanese, (by which title I would be understood as meaning the Austrian subjects in the north of Italy), living under the dominion of a distant, and it may almost be said, of a foreign court, have much to complain of. All the most important offices of trust are filled by Germans: taxes are levied to an enormous amount, and the burden is doubly felt, as their produce is for the most part conveyed out of the country, instead of being again spent among the people who pay them. The presence of an immense standing army, consisting almost entirely of foreigners, and extending with its numerous ramifications to the remotest villages, cannot but be felt as a very galling evil.—There is no country in Europe so rich in its own productions as Lombardy. Besides the ordinary varieties of grain, it produces rice of a very fine quality, considered to be superior to that which grows in Ameri-

ca. The growth of wine exceeds the home demand for it; oil is not very abundant; but the produce of the silk worm is that which most enriches the grower.* Three hundred per cent. on what is laid out, is no uncommon return: and what greatly enhances the profit, is the circumstance, that it is acquired in the brief space of forty days: that being the whole time that the cultivation of the silk worm is attended with any trouble or expense.—The produce of grain is great beyond all calculation: a crop of wheat, for example, is reaped by the middle of June, and is succeeded by a crop of maize, which is gathered in September. This latter constitutes the greatest part of the food on which the lower orders live; and when well dressed, is not only palatable, but very good; and in my humble opinion, superior to the much vaunted oatmeal porridge of Scotland. The meal is boiled, with water and a little salt, almost to the consistency of bread, and eat, among the common people, alone; but at the tables of the rich it is a common accompaniment to stewed birds, or any other rich dish. It is considered very wholesome and very nutritious. The cultivation of rice is banished to a certain distance from the metropolis, in consequence of its growing in water, which

* See Appendix, No. III.

being stagnant and full of vegetable matter, is no doubt productive of noxious vapours, known in Italy by the general name of Mal Aria. The following is the process of cultivation adopted with regard to rice. The ground is prepared by the end of March; water is let in upon it to the depth of three or four inches; and the seedsman, wading through it, and sometimes sinking up to his knees in the soil, scatters the seed broad-cast. When the blade is just above the ground, the water is let off, and the field suffered to remain dry for a fortnight, during which time the blade will have gained perhaps three or four inches, or more; the reason assigned for this is, that a species of worm is produced, and can only live in the water, which, on the appearance of the blade, begins to devour it, but expires when its native element is withdrawn. The water being again introduced, is indeed renewed from time to time, but is never wholly withdrawn until the harvest. The present Conte Borromeo, of whom I wrote to you in a former letter, has lately been trying to produce rice on dry ground, but unhappily has not succeeded.—The criminal laws appear to be mild: at any rate they are not written in blood, for executions very rarely take place; neither do galley slaves perpetually meet the eye as in the rest of Italy. The ordinary punishment for criminal offences is imprison-

ment, of greater or less duration according to the nature of the crime. Imprisonment for life is seldom *nominally* inflicted on any criminal; but that for fifteen years, which is by no means uncommon, amounts to pretty nearly the same thing: for, owing to the privations and hardships which the prisoners undergo, they seldom survive the period of confinement to which they are condemned. On a criminal being condemned to any length of confinement, he is exposed for three successive days, in some public part of the town, on a species of scaffold, heavily ironed, and having suspended from his neck a board, on which is described the nature of his offence, and the punishment which is awarded him. I frequently saw criminals undergoing this kind of moral torture; and, although some of them displayed great indifference under its infliction, it manifestly created a great sensation among the assembled spectators; and I should have little doubt of its being productive of very beneficial effects on the morals of the public, attended as it is with much solemn display, and order being preserved by the presence of an armed police, who would visit with immediate correction any tendency to such breaches of the peace as frequently occur in England when an offender is exposed in the stocks.—The conscription, as established by Napoleon, still exists; but, where he forced thousands into the ranks

of his army, the Emperor Francis only requires tens, so that it is not felt as a great grievance; though the lot of an Austrian soldier is but very miserable, his pay amounting to three-halfpence of our money per day, in addition to which he receives only half a pound of bread. Such of the Milanese as are forced into the army are not suffered to remain in their own country; but, immediately on being embodied, are marched away into the remote parts of the Germanic empire, where they have to undergo severe discipline, the rigours of a cold climate, and miserable fare. It is a great mistake to suppose that the lower orders of Italians are an effeminate race. It is well known that, of all the great army which was employed in Napoleon's expedition to Moscow, the Italians bore the severities of the climate much the best. This may be accounted for by their great abstemiousness in eating, and (everywhere except in the Milanese), I would also add, in drinking: in the coldest weather they live with their doors and windows open, and have a great horror of the luxury of a fire: but I am inclined to believe that their hardihood may in great measure be attributed to the robust health of the females, who, from their earliest youth, are habituated to the labours of the field. Whoever has been in the habit of walking from Pisa to the Grand Duke's farms, will be con-

vinced that I do not exaggerate when I say, that few men in any country would be found to carry the immense burdens of wood, under which the Pisan women move with an alacrity quite astonishing.—Owing to the enormous duties laid on all foreign productions, and the vicinity of Switzerland, where scarcely any are exacted, the contraband trade in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Como is immense; and so it must continue to be, so long as the Austrian government keeps up the prohibitory system. French wines are especially excluded, and this with a view of encouraging improvement in the home manufacture. But the nobility of a certain Grade are permitted the privilege of importing for their own consumption: this privilege some of the neediest are easily induced, by the offer of a certain profit, to abuse; and the consequence is, that the inns and hotels are chiefly supplied through their means.

The attempt at a revolution, which was made a few years ago, seems to have been as foolish and unadvised a scheme as ever was dreamt of. Three or four men, of desperate character and ruined fortunes, set themselves to work, seduced a few of the young nobility into their plan, and supposed that all the rest would easily be accomplished. The offices of government were, you may be sure, early filled up: one was to hold the supreme authority, under

the title of first consul; the port-folios of the home and foreign departments were disposed of; and the expectant possessors of power were enjoying, in anticipation, the honours and riches which were to be heaped upon them; when lo, and behold! the bubble burst, a few of the craziest were dispatched to a fortress in Bohemia, where they are usually employed in beating hemp; some, who had been prudent enough to make their escape, were hung in effigy; and the conspiracy became a subject of mockery and derision. From all I have seen during my residence in the Regno Lombardo Veneto, I should certainly be of opinion, that, though burdened with heavy taxes, and galled by the presence of a numerous army of foreigners, the Emperor of Austria has no subjects more willingly obedient than those of this kingdom.

LETTER XXXII.

DEPARTURE FROM BLEVIO—CHIAVENNA—POSTILIONS—MONTE SPLUGEN—THE RHINE—VIA MALA—RICHENAU—COIRE.

Coire, *Aug.* 20, 1827.

We took leave of Como on the 16th inst. at one o'clock, having taken our places on board the Plinio steam-packet for Domaso. The weather was very unpleasant, it rained hard, and a gale of wind blowing in our teeth, delayed us an hour and a half, so that we did not reach our evening quarters till seven o'clock. Our carriage, which had gone in advance by the morning packet, instead of reaching Riva, the end of the lake, as we had hoped it would that evening, was still at Domaso when we landed. The night, however, cleared up, and, about nine o'clock, we were happy to see the boat, which conveyed it, get under way. This was, however, merely to make a *show* of listening to my earnest solicitations; for, setting out ourselves next morning at six o'clock, we had only proceeded four miles when we perceived the boat with the carriage safely moored, and no signs of any boatmen near. On seeing us, however,

they started again, and after many vexatious delays, and encountering a tremendous storm of thunder and rain, we landed at Riva at one o'clock, P. M., and our carriage about an hour afterwards. It was not till three, P. M., that we were fairly *en route*; and, before proceeding far, we discovered that the end of the fore axletree of our carriage was carried away, and with it the linch-pin; so that we were fain to halt at Chiavenna, instead of attaining the village of Isola, as we had intended. Chiavenna is a small and neat town, built at the junction of two valleys, and constituting, as its name imports, a key to them both. The scenery about it is of a most extraordinary description:—The mountains, either in consequence of the original looseness of their structure, or by the action of some convulsions of nature, have at various periods detached immense masses from their summits, which, covering the whole face of the country with their fragments, give it all the appearance of a world in ruins. Many of these shapeless masses seem as if they had been arrested in their downward course by the slightest causes, and, from their position, appear always threatening to resume it. In the year 1618, a village, about three miles distant from Chiavenna, was entirely buried by one of these terrific avalanches; and, occuring as it did at noon, when almost all the

inhabitants were taking their mid-day repast, great numbers were destroyed; indeed it is said, that, of the whole population, two only remained to mourn the loss of all that they possessed in the world, and that they only escaped by being accidentally absent from home. Excavations have recently been made on the spot, and many articles of furniture brought to light. On leaving Chiavenna, having the ascent of the Splugen before us, it was necessary to take two additional horses, which began by nearly upsetting us; not that the poor dumb beasts themselves were to blame: it was the clown of a rider that occasioned all the mischief, who really seemed to bestride a horse for the first time: a crowd soon gathered round us, and as I strongly insisted on dispensing with the services of so inexperienced a postillion, a smart looking fellow, from among the bystanders, stepped forth and volunteered to supply his place. We again set out, but with much the same success, as our new postillion seemed only to excel his predecessor in assurance. This may seem strange, but it is accounted for by the fact, that the road over the Splugen has only been open for carriages about three years, and the inhabitants of the valley having previously had no experience in equestrianism, have hardly yet had time to become acquainted with its mysteries. As soon as we were clear of the town,

we began to ascend, under the grateful shade of chesnut trees, having on our left hand the Mera, a rapid and considerable stream, hastening to empty itself into the lake of Como. The road is very narrow, not exceeding anywhere twenty feet: and the turnings (very frequent on account of the steepness of the ascent) are so sharp as to be exceedingly dangerous to an inexperienced driver. The scenery is wild: and though there are many beautiful spots, there is no such thing as a distant view during the whole ascent. There having fallen a great deal of rain the preceding day, we had the advantage of seeing a magnificent waterfall about half way between Chiavenna and Isola. Its height could not have been short of 700 feet, and the body of water was very considerable. After leaving Isola behind us, so called from its being a pleasant fertile valley, in the midst of barren and inhospitable mountains, we traversed three immense galleries constructed of masonry for protecting the road against avalanches: one of these is about three quarters of a mile long, and the two others about three hundred yards. They are well built, and look as solid as the rocks on which they stand; but they are not so high in the arch as they ought to be; only twelve feet; which is little enough for some of our English carriages, surmount-

ed, as they often are, with lofty imperials. The ascent from Chiavenna to the highest point of the passage (6170 feet above the level of the sea), occupied us just nine hours, including an hour and a half spent at Isola. We suffered a good deal from the cold and damp; and the officers at the Milanese Douane, on the frontier, assured us the weather was rarely much better than at that time. The descent is very regular; we performed it at a brisk trot, having only one wheel locked; and passing through a romantic gorge, darkened by the shade of some vast pines which overhang it, we found ourselves almost, before we were aware of it, at the village of Splugen, which stands at its base. On entering this village, we crossed a small river by a wooden bridge, having a roof to protect its timbers from the effects of the weather. Our carriage, besides being high of itself, had some wooden hat-boxes at the top, and the roof of the bridge being very low, they came suddenly into contact, and the hat-boxes gave way with a tremendous crash, making us fear the whole building was coming down upon us. The carriage was stopped in time to prevent farther mischief, and we considered ourselves fortunate in escaping at so little cost, as, had we been going at all quick, the carriage must have been forced off from the wheels. Such was

our introduction to the Rhine, the stream we were crossing being no less than the chief branch of that noble river, rising at no great distance from thence in the St. Gothard. At eight o'clock we reached the Crown Inn at Andeer, very much fatigued, for we had walked a great part of the way.—We started early the next morning, and following the course of the Rhine, soon found ourselves involved in all the intricacies of the Via Mala, having high and perpendicular rocks towering on each side, to the height of a thousand feet over our heads, while below us, at an equal, if not greater depth, rushed the impetuous waters of the Rhine, which we had seen a few minutes before flowing peaceably along through the valley. This defile, the most abounding in scenery terribly sublime of any I ever saw, is no where a stone's throw wide. The mountains on each side rise so perpendicularly from the very bed of the torrent, and resemble each other so much in structure and general appearance, that I cannot help believing that, at some remote period, they must have undergone a violent separation. The passage is three miles in length, and at each succeeding step presents something at once to excite admiration and awe. But the Patten Brüch affords one of the most striking scenes that can be imagined. Leaning over the parapet of the bridge, you see, at a

depth of 600 feet below you, the Rhine contracted into a bed not more than five or six feet wide, and rushing along with an inconceivable impetuosity; so perpendicular are the rocks on each side that, letting a stone fall out of your hand, it reaches the abyss beneath without meeting with any thing to impede its velocity. On looking upwards a similar scene presents itself: the chasm over head exceeds but little in width that which is below, and being fringed at its edges with overhanging pines, admits to the traveller beneath a stripe of blue sky, not much broader than the noisy thread of water which rushes along beneath. On a high projecting rock, at the northern extremity of the gorge, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, erected, no doubt, either to defend this passage, as affording access into Italy from the north, or to afford the means of plundering those who made use of it to convey the luxuries of Italy to people less favoured by nature and less advanced in art. The rock which sustains these ruins overhangs the road so frightfully, that, on passing under it, it is impossible not to feel some dread lest it should take that opportunity of fulfilling its evident *inclination* to stop up the passage altogether. As we emerged from this never-to-be-forgotten defile, we had presented to us a scene, of a character very different from that which had for some time engaged our at-

tention. The mountains recede from one another, leaving between them a pretty fertile valley, with some neat villages scattered here and there on its surface. Ruined castles meet the eye in every direction: memorials of feudal power, but now only interesting as they add another feature to the scene. We soon entered another narrow defile, less terrific than the preceding one, but abounding in beautiful and romantic scenery; on emerging from it we discovered, at a short distance on our right, the village of Thusis; whose pleasant situation, the neatness of its houses, and above all its elegant church spire, made us regret that our road did not lay through it. At Richenau, a considerable village at the junction of *le Rhin ulterieur* and *le Rhin cjterieur*, we passed over a fine wooden bridge, built I believe after the plan of that which once excited the astonishment of beholders at Schaffhausen. In its construction it is exactly the reverse of a chain suspension bridge. It consists of two lofty arches, composed of four tiers of timber, cut into blocks about five or six feet long, and resting on each other; these are firmly joined together by cross beams, and between them is suspended the road. It appears of great strength, nor did I perceive the least trembling motion as we crossed it, though our carriage was very heavy.—We reach-

ed this place (Coire) in six hours from the time we left Andeer, and have taken up our quarters at the Bouquetin, a very clean and good inn, where we met with good fare, great civility, and withal moderate charges.

LETTER XXXIII.

SARGANS—SENNWALD—ALTSTŒTTEN—RHEINEK—CONSTANCE—WOOLFSBURG—MONASTERIES.

Schaffhausen, *Aug.* 24, 1827.

On the 20th, leaving Coire, the capital of the country of the Grisons, we continued to follow the course of the Rhine, along a pleasant fertile valley, hemmed in on either side by lofty pine-clad mountains, occasionally disclosing romantic dells, which made us wish for time and opportunity to investigate them. After four hours travelling along but an indifferent road we reached Sargans, a small village situated on the side of a mountain, separating the valley of the Rhine from that of the Seez, which conducts to the lake of Wallenstatt, about five miles to the west of it. Above the village stands an old chateau, formerly the residence of the bailiffs of the district, and now much neglected, whose tower commands a beautiful prospect, extending up and down the Rhine, and up towards Wallenstatt. The sun was just setting when I presented myself in the court-yard of the chateau, where seeing an aged

matron sitting on the terrace, and apparently enjoying the tranquil scene which lay extended beneath, I approached and requested admission to the interior of the building; she looked up in my face, and without replying to my request, continued muttering something which I thought sounded like Latin, and then observing that in one hand she held her rosary, and, concluding from that that she was engaged in her evening devotions, I bid her respectfully, "Guten abend," and addressed myself to a younger woman who just then appeared in the castle gateway, and was conducted by her through its spacious halls, up to the tower, where I continued some time gazing on the varied prospect beneath and around me. We found the inn (*Le Cerf*) clean and comfortable, and the people very obliging.—The next day, we took our noon-tide meal at a small village called Sennwald, situated at the foot of a lofty and very abrupt mountain, bounding the valley to the west. Its church has a pretty tapering spire, and looks altogether English: a hanging wood bounds the village on the east; and in rambling towards it, now under the shade of richly laden apple trees, now through new made hay, which smelt sweeter than any oriental perfume, with the village spire peeping over a little rising ground, and a general stillness pervading the scene; I could have fan-

cied myself in some sequestered vale in merry England. We may be lost in wonder and astonishment on surveying the majestic grandeur of the Alpine regions: the romantic beauties of Italy may take all our senses captive; but it is only on meeting with some quiet rural place, such as Sennwald and its surrounding woods, meadows, and orchards, that the attractions of our own sweet land present themselves with all their force to memory's eye. The little inn we stopped at was very humble in its pretensions; but the old landlady was so respectable a dame, so clean withal, and so much taken with us, that, though our fare was simple, it seemed prepared with such an earnest desire to please, that we were almost induced to pronounce it the best dinner we had eat since the commencement of our journey. We had a most excellent bottle of Markgroevler—a wine very much resembling that of the Moselle, and grown in the *Rheinthal*, near its termination in the Lake of Constance. I am afraid our good hostess had some source of unhappiness which we could not penetrate; for our little attentions to her seemed completely to win her affection, as if she had none else on whom to bestow it; and, when we drove from the door, a tear stood in her eye as she "wished us well." We had not proceeded far, when the road turned suddenly to the west, and, as there appeared

in front of us a perpendicular wall of rock, not less than two hundred feet high, we could not at first divine the meaning of it; but, on turning an angle of rock, there opened before us a narrow cleft in the mountain, through which we passed, and so for a time took leave of the Rhine, which, for the two preceding days, had been our companion. It being the annual horse fair at Alstætten (a small town which lay in our way), we had an opportunity of seeing the horses of the country to the best advantage: they are in general small, but exceedingly well put together, and, to use a jockey phrase, show a great deal of blood: if well trained, they would make admirable roadsters: and we had ocular demonstration of their fitness for harness; for the peasants were, at the hour we passed, returning to their homes in light waggons, most of them holding eight or ten persons, which their active poneys whirled on at a good rate along a road that would elsewhere be pronounced almost impassable. Indeed, so bad was it, that, though the distance from Sennwald was only about eighteen miles, it occupied us the best part of six hours; and it was late when we arrived at the inn at Rheinek, whose filth and general want of comfort made us magnify still more the cleanliness and hospitality which marked the little inn at Sennwald.—The whole of the road from Coire to this

place is crowded with toll gates: they occur almost every hour, and the road being, at the same time, exceedingly bad, we felt we had reason to complain of the heavy demands which were made upon us. A little before arriving at Rheinek, we found ourselves once more on the banks of the Rhine, which, having received two very considerable additions since we took leave of it, is there a noble river; its waters, however, are exceedingly foul, and convey a vast quantity of mud and rubbish into the Lake of Constance. We left Rheinek early the following morning (22d), and had not advanced far on our journey to Constance when we obtained a fine view of the lake of that name, which almost merits the title of an inland sea; its width varies from eight to fifteen miles; its shores are covered with towns and villages; numerous large boats were slowly moving over its smooth surface, having sails of great height and width to catch every breath of wind: it was a delightful scene, and one on which we dwelt with unmingled satisfaction. The land scenery is as beautiful in its way. The plain through which we travelled (slowly indeed and uncomfortably, for the road was execrable) was one continued orchard, the fruits of which we were able to gather as we sat in the cabriolet of our carriage: gently sloping hills terminated our view on the left, covered with vine-

yards; while picturesque villages, and stately convents, each had their share in the composition of the picture. We reached Constance early enough to ramble about it for a couple of hours. It has all the marks of past importance and present insignificance. Churches in ruins, and streets covered with grass, indicate a vast falling off in the population. The cathedral, a Gothic structure of great antiquity, has some fine points about it; the cloisters especially, of which the inner arches alone are standing, merit observation, from their lightness and elegance. And, though it cannot claim the merit of antiquity, I must confess to have much admired the iron grating which separates the choir from the rest of the church. It represents, in admirable perspective, two Gothic cloisters. Constance is stained with the blood of the martyr John Huss, who, being brought under the promised and written protection of the Emperor, and then with his sanction condemned and executed, may be said to have been judicially murdered.* Its present forlorn and wretched appearance looks like a heaven-directed punishment for the outrage of which it was the scene. The Rhine here issues from the lake, purified of all that disfigured it on its entrance at Rheinek; and in a clear, blue,

* See Appendix, No. II.

deep, and rapid stream, holds its majestic way onwards to its goal. The bridge over the river is of wood; and upon, or under it, are numerous mills for various purposes, turned by the water as it passes underneath.—During the early part of our next day's journey, we coasted the lower lake, which does not exceed a couple of miles in width. The country on our left was exceedingly rich and beautiful: the hills, rising almost immediately from the water's edge, are covered with vines, cultivated with the greatest care and neatness; except where ornamental woods, rustic bridges, and well kept paths, indicate the neighbourhood of some chateau or convent, of which there are many. Of these, the Chateau of Wolfsberg, lately fitted up as a boarding house, is very much frequented by the lovers of rural retirement and field sports. The terms are, for each person, 300 francs per month, or 2000* for the whole year; this includes every expense; and the visitors have the privilege of shooting over an extent of 20,000 acres, great part of which is forest, abounding in every species of game. Some of the convents we passed are on a very great scale—monuments of wealth and power which are now scattered to the winds. The few religionists, who are suffered to re-

* L. 80, Sterling.

main in them, have a scanty pittance doled out to them by their respective governments with an unwilling hand.—We rested our horses and ourselves for a short time at Stein, a neat village, situated on the banks of the Rhine, where it is very much reduced in width, and in inverse proportion increased in impetuosity: it occupies the site of an ancient Roman station, of which some vestiges still remain. From this place to Schaffhausen, the road was all but impassable, and some beautiful peeps we got at the Rhine, winding its way between high and rocky banks, were scarcely sufficient to compensate for the tremendous shaking we underwent. We reached Schaffhausen yesterday at five o'clock.

LETTER XXXIV.

FALLS OF THE RHINE—REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THEM—COSTUMES—SOURCE OF THE DANUBE—NORBERG—ACHERN.

We remained a day at Schaffhausen, not only to rest our bones, which for three successive days had undergone a most cruel jolting, but to have an opportunity of visiting the Falls of the Rhine at Lauffen. The morning after our arrival accordingly we set out in search of them, declining the oft repeated offers of guidance which were tendered to us, with many assurances that, without assistance, we should never be able to find them. Following, as far as the nature of the ground would admit, the banks of the river, which here rushes along with tremendous rapidity over its rocky and much inclined bed, we soon came within hearing of the thundering roar of the cataract, even when we were nearly two miles distant from it; and on approaching nearer, though it was impossible to see the fall itself, a dense cloud of spray, soaring above it, indicated its situation with sufficient precision. At length, following a winding

path which led gradually upwards from the river, we entered the court-yard of the castle of Lauffen, which crowns a rocky eminence immediately overlooking the cataract. Left very much to ourselves, we rambled about the shrubbery which surrounds the castle, in search of the most favourable position from whence to catch a full view of that which was already so palpable to our ears, as actually to unfit those delicate organs from receiving any other sound. We were not long in finding a neat summer house, built on a projecting platform, and from its windows we had a most complete view of it. Sitting there at our ease, and free from the annoying explanations of a Cicerone, which, to be heard, must have been uttered with a voice of thunder, we gave ourselves wholly up to a silent contemplation of the agitated scene beneath. For some distance previous to shooting over the edge of the precipice, the water flows in an almost unruffled stream, but with inconceivable rapidity down the smooth surface of a very inclined plane of rock. On reaching the edge, it appears for an instant to pause, and then, with a tremendous bound, rushes into the abyss beneath, where is a scene of confusion which baffles description.—While contemplating this imposing picture, exhibited in all the circumstances of reality, my mind insensibly fell into the following train of reflection. Such

is the career of many a man who devotes himself to a life of dissipation. On first entering the path of vice, the stings of conscience occasionally ruffle the evenness of his course: when this inward monitor has ceased to strive with him, his life, for a brief space perhaps, assumes the appearance of a smooth and rapid current of unmixed pleasure. But vice has not yet established undivided authority over his mind, and in order to make him her sure victim, prepares for him some atrocious crime, some damning outrage on the laws of society, by the commission of which he becomes her future slave. The smooth and unruffled nature of his course has deprived him of the habit of reflection; yet for a moment he is horror-struck at the appalling step which he is incited to take; he pauses, perhaps feels a momentary inclination to recede; but it is too late, the difficulty of returning to the path of virtue appears to his bewildered imagination to be insurmountable; despair takes possession of his mind, and he rushes furious into the lowest depths of vice.—Though I could not help thus moralizing on the scene before me, I sat watching, with increasing admiration, its everchanging beauties. One moment the sun would shine full upon it and communicate a brilliant whiteness to the wide mass of foam, except where its reflected rays glittered in all the various hues of the

rainbow; the next an envious cloud would interpose, when it appeared under a more gloomy, but not less imposing aspect.—The height of the Fall does not exceed 80 feet. But the immense body of water, the Rhine being here 300 feet broad, the rapidity with which it approaches the edge of the precipice, the thundering noise with which it rushes downwards, the whiteness of the agitated flood on reaching its new bed, the fine old castle with its numerous turrets, and the beatling rock on which it stands, all conspire to make this one of the grandest spectacles in nature's power to bestow.

The peasants of this part of Switzerland are much more decisively attached to their costumes than those of the more polished cantons of Geneva and the *Pays de Vaud.* As regards the men, it is amusing enough to see young and old wearing coats of the same cut, the waists being below their hips, and the lappets of their coats dangling about the calves of their legs; an immense three-cornered hat crowns the picture. Coming upon a person from behind, it would be utterly impossible to tell whether he were seventeen or seventy, so exactly similar is their dress, and so much is the gait, even of the young, hampered and rendered clumsy by enormous shoes, which can hardly weigh less than half a dozen pounds each. One has reason to be astonished that the men should continue

to pride themselves in wearing the same dresses as did their ancestors five centuries ago: but the women are not without some excuse for adhering to old fashions: in the first place, their dresses are far from unbecoming; and in the next, they are sometimes so valuable as not to admit of being often changed. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman without shoes or stockings, and dressed in a coarse woollen petticoat, having upon her head a cap made chiefly of gold and silver cord, and whose original cost was not less than seven or eight pounds. Being only worn on high days and holidays, they last for ever, and are handed down from generation to generation.—Although Schaffhausen is a frontier town, its only military defence, is an old castle surmounting a hill, which overlooks the town, and whose tower is evidently the work of the Romans.

We left Schaffhausen on the 25th instant, at an early hour, and beginning immediately to ascend from the level of the river, continued to do so with little interruption for the first five leagues. When we had attained this elevation, a view of amazing extent commanded our attention. It reached one way to the lake of Constance, while in the opposite direction the horizon is everywhere bounded by the outskirts of the Black Forest. After having proceeded about six leagues from Schaffhausen, we entered the

Grand Duchy of Baden. At the frontier, no whiskered soldier presented himself at the door of our carriage with the usual demand, "Votre passeport, Monsieur, s'il vous plait:" no odious *douanier*, with the insidious question, "Rien pour la Douane?"—The only circumstance which apprised us of our entrance into a new territory, was a toll-bar, and the peaceful collector, who levied his tax of about 12 francs, and gave us a ticket freeing us from the payment of tolls for sixty leagues.—We stopped to dine at Donaueschingen, where the Prince Furstenberg has a noble residence: after descending from the carriage, we lost no time in going to pay our respects to the source of the Danube, which is immediately under the windows of his palace. On our way thither, as we walked along by the side of a pretty considerable stream, our attention was attracted by the surprising number of trout which sported in its water. We could not fix our eyes on a single spot without seeing several of them: they literally seemed to crowd upon each other, and were for the most part good sized fish, many weighing from two to three pounds. I am persuaded that with a landing net I could have taken as many as I pleased. We had not proceeded on the banks of this stream more than two hundred yards, when we crossed a little rill of the clearest water, which ran into it. We conjec-

tured this to be the Danube, and tracing it upwards a short distance, we soon found ourselves beside a basin of the most transparent water I ever saw: though it could not be less than twelve or fourteen feet deep, we could distinguish the smallest object at the bottom. The water bubbles up by numerous apertures through a gravelly soil, and then, after dwelling for a brief space of time in the basin, (which is about twenty feet in diameter) hastens to swell the waters of the Black Sea. We diminished it by three tumblers full, and I never tasted water, so cool, and brisk, and good.—It was highly interesting thus to contemplate the source of one of the finest rivers in Europe, whose "dark rolling" waters contribute to the wealth and prosperity of so many kingdoms. In length it is little short of 400 leagues, and in its course it receives into its bosom many rivers of no inconsiderable rank: the most important of these are the Iser and the Inn, which convey to it the waters of the country of the Grisons and the Tyrol: and the Save and Drave, with contributions from Carniola and Carinthia. It requires, however, an amazing respect for authorities, after all, to be persuaded that the little natural fountain in Prince Furstenberg's garden, is really the source of the Danube; as well might the source of the new river near Hertford be called the source of the Thames: for the little rill, supplied

from this source, bears about the same proportion to the fishy stream into which it empties itself, as the new river does to the Thames. The fact is, the stream along whose banks we first walked, does not receive the title of Danube or Donau (for this latter is the name under which it is known in the country of its birth) until after it has received this trifling increase; the real source being some leagues distant, at a place called St. George, in the Black Forest. We reached Fillengen, a large market-town, standing in a valley and surrounded by bleak hills, about seven in the evening, and all the best rooms of the inn being cleared of their furniture in the prospect of a grand ball which was to commence the following day at noon (! !) our host had some difficulty in providing us with beds. The first part of our journey the following day (the 26th) continued to lay over a high cold country, possessing nothing to excite our admiration, and but little to attract our attention, save the occasional glimpses we obtained of the Black Forest. After proceeding about four leagues, we began to descend, to our great satisfaction, for even at this season of the year the cold of the high country we had been traversing was far from agreeable.—Beside the road gurgled over opposing pebbles a little stream called the Kinzig, and descending rapidly, we soon found ourselves in a narrow and picturesque

valley, named after the stream which waters it, the Kinzigthal. The scenery of this little valley is Swiss, but only in miniature; the cottages, it is true, cannot vie with these of the Bernese Oberland, nor do any snow-clad mountains glitter in the distance; yet, for all this, the scenery of the Kinzigthal would be pronounced beautiful by the most fastidious observer, even though he had not, like us, been travelling two days over a country as opposite to the picturesque as darkness is to light. We stopped to dine at Norberg, a small town, so wedged in between the hills as to have escaped our notice until we were actually upon it. One of our horses being here taken ill, we were obliged to hire two additional ones to assist in drawing us to Hausach, about six leagues, where we slept. —On the following (this) day we advanced twelve leagues to Bühl, having dined at Offenburg, a remarkably neat town, containing some very fine houses, and a wide open street traversing it in its whole length. The valley, which at Norberg was so narrow as to be entirely occupied by that little town, expanded rapidly as we advanced, and about ten miles north of Hausach, terminates in a plain of vast extent, and of such fertility, as to be entitled *la Campaigne d' or*.—The tower of Strasbourg Cathedral was distinctly visible in the distance. Between Of-

fenburg and Bühl, we passed through Achern, the village where the Great Turenne was killed, on the 27th of July 1675. On the spot where he fell, General Moreau, out of respect to his memory, designed to erect a monument; it was commenced, but never completed.

LETTER XXXV.

RASTADT—CARLSHRUE—ANTIQUITIES AT DURLACH—HEIDELBERG—PHYSICIAN AT HEPPENHEIM—DARMSTADT—FRANKFORT.

Godesberg, *Sept.* 3, 1827.

AFTER leaving Bühl, the first place of any importance that we came to was Rastadt, memorable as being the seat of a congress assembled there in 1798, ostensibly for the purpose of settling the affairs of Europe. It is a very considerable town, has a fine Grand Ducal palace, with a melancholy air of desertion about it; while a very handsome street, not less than sixty yards broad, traverses it in its whole length; the vista, however, is interrupted by the principal church, which occupies the centre of the street, and by a species of court-house, which fills up its northern extremity; in the intermediate spaces are several statues, erected to the memory of persons, who, but for these kind memorials of them, would most likely have been forgotten long ago. At a short distance from Rastadt is Baden, celebrated for its mineral waters, which unfortunately we had not time to visit. In the afternoon we drove to Durlach, pas-

sing through Carlshrue in our way. This latter is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and contains a noble Grand Ducal Palace, having in front extensive gardens, and something like an English park; while behind it extends a vast forest, which is intersected by numerous drives, all of which converge to the great tower of the palace as their centre. Carlshrue, like Rastadt, is traversed by a fine broad street, but it contains a much better display of houses, and it is surprising what an air of neatness is communicated to it by a regular side pavement for foot passengers. On either side of the town, the approach for three miles is lined by double rows of poplars, the largest I ever saw. The country, in its vicinity, is very rich, and is bounded to the northward by a range of gently sloping hills, whose sides are covered with vineyards producing a very good wine. Notwithstanding the deserted and *triste* appearance of Durlach, we found a tolerably good inn, and were introduced into a spacious saloon, decorated with festoons of evergreens, not the only remains, as our supper testified, of a fête which had been celebrated there the preceding day. Rambling about in the evening, as is my wont, whenever we reach our resting-place in reasonable time, I gained admission (whether a trespasser or not I cannot tell), into an extensive grove, containing some of the no-

blest pines I ever saw; in the most shady part of it was railed off a square space, appropriated as I found to the reception of some Roman antiquities which have been discovered in the vicinity; amongst them were several altars ornamented with representations, among other subjects, of the labours of Hercules.—There were also some monumental columns, the inscriptions on which were, for the most part, very rudely carved. The following day brought us to Heidelberg, and on arriving there, though it rained heavily, we set out to visit the ruins of the castle and the great tun, which every one has heard of. The ruins, and their environs, are amongst the most extensive and most beautiful you can imagine. Their situation is very commanding; being a high rocky eminence, immediately overlooking the Neckar, a navigable river, and one whose shores are highly celebrated for the rare beauties of scenery which they afford. The great entrance of the castle is the only part of it which is still entire; two colossal statues of warriors, in complete armour, surmount the gate-way, and the teeth of a massy portcullis, plated with iron, and just peeping through the crown of the arch, still bear a threatening aspect. The inner court is marked with all the characteristics of princely magnificence. The buildings on two of its sides represent fronts of Gothic architecture, orna-

mented with numerous statues, some few entire, but most of them sadly mutilated. Great pains appear to have been bestowed in destroying the main towers of the castle; in spite of all that has been done, however, very considerable portions of them remain standing. The thickness of the walls is immense, and so strong was the cement employed in their construction, that although the half of one of the towers has been detached from the rest, most likely by the aid of gunpowder, as it fell, there it lies, an entire unbroken mass of masonry. The cellars of the castle are not the least remarkable part of the building. The Counts Palatine, who had them constructed, must have been great consumers of hock, if all the vast tuns they contain were annually filled with that excellent juice of the grape; indeed, in support of my supposition, close to the great tun is the figure of a jolly looking man, whom tradition asserts to have taken fifteen bottles daily to his own share. The great tun is, I suspect, small when compared with many of the porter butts which may be seen in London. Its diameter is 24 feet, and its length 33 feet: it has long been empty, and is now exhibited only as a memorial of good old times. The gardens round the castle, which are extensive, and embrace every variety of prospect, are kept in excellent order, and are open to the public.

On the 30th, we journeyed as far as Darmstadt, taking our noon-tide repast at Heppenheim, a small and exceedingly dirty town on the confines between the Duchies of Baden and Darmstadt, where, having occasion for some laudanum, the apothecary was so scrupulous as to decline giving me any, though, on learning the use to which I intended to apply it, he begged to be allowed to prescribe for my patient, and as politely declined accepting any remuneration. Darmstadt is decidedly the finest city we have seen on our homeward journey. The streets are as broad as Portland Place in London, and intersect one another at right angles. The houses are on a large scale, and are, for the most part, separated one from the other by gardens; which give an air of lightness and cheerfulness to the place, not often met with in continental cities. The Grand Ducal palace terminates the principal street, but, beyond its size, has little to give it a superiority over many of the palaces (for such they may be called) belonging to private individuals.—Darmstadt has long been famous as having the best conducted opera house in Germany: and, through the complaisance of our host, we were admitted to a rehearsal of a new opera, which was to be performed for the first time in public the following Sunday. When we entered the theatre, the performance was already

begun. Being only a night of rehearsal, the house was not regularly lighted, and the performers were all in their ordinary dresses; save one, who, standing immediately over the orchestra, with the music of the piece before him on a stand, continued to beat time with a short black wand; and, in every respect, executed the functions of the leader of the band. He was dressed in uniform, had an epaulette on each shoulder, and a sword at his side. A person stood near him, who seemed to address him in a very respectful manner; while he exerted an authority over the musicians, which to them must have been far from agreeable, for he made them repeat some passages four or five times, scolding them in the intervals for their inattention. He was a mean looking little man, bent nearly double with age and infirmity,—yet he evidently was one in authority. "Who is that?" said I to a person who was sitting near me: he regarded me with marked astonishment, and replied, "*Das ist der Grosherstog.*"* The Sovereign of the country presiding over the musical department in a public theatre! I could only exclaim inwardly, "Oh tempora!"—We set out early the following morning, and reached Frankfort in four hours and a half. This is a free city, governed by its own

* That is the Grand Duke.

laws. Its territories are very insignificant, including little more than the suburbs. The points where the several roads enter them are marked by a high round tower and a toll-house. Being a mercantile town, the streets present an appearance of considerable activity; they are, generally speaking, narrow and dirty; but one or two may justly be styled magnificent. Our stay was too short to admit of our examining it at all in detail; we drove to Mayence in the evening, and, finding all the principal hotels full, were obliged to take up our quarters at one of an inferior rank, where, however, we met with clean beds and civil attention. The next day, at 8 A. M., we found ourselves forming part of a busy bustling crowd on board the steam packet destined for Cöln. As the clock of the cathedral sounded the hour, the engine was set a-going, and we started at a prodigious rate—little short of sixteen miles an hour. Previously to reaching Bingen, we did not at all object to this rapidity; but, from thence, it was extremely annoying to see all the most interesting objects, which present themselves in quick succession on either side of the river, passing by us so swiftly as to leave no decided or permanent impression on the memory. The rapidity with which we advanced was not unaccompanied with danger; the bed of the river all the way from Bin-

gen to Königswinter abounding with rocks, some visible, and many more barely covered with water. After being delayed two hours at Coblentz by the officers of the custom-house, we reached Königswinter at 6 o'clock in the evening,—there left the packet, and, procuring a cart, drawn by a cow, to convey our luggage, walked through the fields to Godesberg, and took up our quarters at the Hotel Von Schönen Aussicht, where we propose remaining some time.

LETTER XXXVI.

GODESBERG—ITS ENVIRONS—LEGEND OF DRACHENFELS.

Godesberg, *Sept.* 10, 1827.

We were induced to visit this village, from the very favourable accounts we had received of its situation, the salubriousness of its mineral waters, and the beauty of its environs. We have been far from disappointed; as a proof of which, I shall only say, that we have agreed with our honest hostess to remain her guests ten days longer. In the meantime, as you cannot personally accompany me in my daily rambles, I will endeavour to make you intimately acquainted with all that meets my observation, and you will then be able to determine whether Godesberg is not admirably adapted for the temporary residence of that numerous class of persons, who, wishing to retire, *pro tempore*, from the toils of business, to renovate their shattered health, have, at the same time, a taste for the picturesque, or a desire to investigate the various phenomena of the natural world.—As first in order, and being the first

object which meets my eye on leaving our hotel, I must mention the Castle of Godesberg, which crowns the summit of a cone-shaped hill rising at the back of the village. There is every reason to believe that this elevation is not altogether a natural one, but that it has been raised at some remote period for the purposes of defence. Be this as it may, the ruins which now exist are of a date posterior to the Roman æra; indeed, they can hardly belong to a date much earlier than the eleventh century. The entrance to the interior of the castle is narrow and low, in accordance with the caution necessary to be observed in all places of defence in that turbulent period of history, when each powerful Baron had an enemy, perhaps no less powerful, for his nearest neighbour. The area within the walls is in the form of an oblong quadrangle: on one side of which are discernible the remains of a spacious hall, and what appears to have been a chapel; on the opposite side it is difficult to say to what the building was appropriated. It is probable, however, that here was that not unimportant part of a Baronial residence, the byre or stables, in which were secured, either his own cattle, or such as he may have been fortunate enough to plunder from his neighbours. In the centre is a round tower, about 100 feet high, standing quite free from the rest

of the building. It was formerly much higher, and overlooking the outbuildings of the castle, it not only served as an admirable watch tower, but also as a situation from whence to use with great effect on assailants whichever way they approached, the missile weapons of the day.—The view from its summit is very extensive and beautiful: to the north having but the distance to intercept the prospect; and extending southward up the romantic valley of the Rhine, and having full in front the "castled "crags of Drachenfels." Descending from the castle, I must now introduce you to the source of mineral waters;—which lies at the extremity of a pretty avenue of plane and poplar trees conducting to it from the village. It was formerly unprotected and accessible even to cattle; but when its virtues became more known and appreciated, the archbishop of Cöln, who is proprietor of the soil, built over it a neat alcove, and sinking a circular basin about it, protected it from the abuses to which it had been previously exposed. The water is a calybeate, as the rusty colour of the stones through which it bubbles upwards sufficiently indicate; it contains different proportions of carbonic, muriatic and sulphuric gases, which contribute to make it pleasant to the taste as well as highly beneficial to the digestive organs, for restoring a proper tone to which is its

chief characteristic. It is the only palatable water which is to be met with in the village, and the healthy appearance of the inhabitants bears a very favourable testimony to its good properties: various instances of extreme longevity at present exist, all attributed by the persons themselves to the daily habit of using the mineral waters at all their meals. Two tumblers full may safely be taken at a time, and if regularly drank every morning half an hour before breakfast, not only beget a good appetite for that meal, but communicate a degree of elasticity to the whole system, the happy effects of which are felt during the whole day.——On the 6th instant, I walked to Drachenfels, the steepest and most rugged, though not the highest of the seven mountains, which figure as the termination or commencement (whichever you will) of a range of mountains extending upwards on the east bank of the Rhine, as far as Rudesheim. Its height is 1400 feet above the level of the river, and as it rises very abruptly from its shore, the ascent is difficult, and would be fatiguing to any one not in the habit of quaffing ambrosial nectar at the fountain of Godesberg. The views which present themselves at various points of the ascent, serve as an excellent excuse for occasionally resting and recovering breath; while the splendid view which displays itself from the summit, is

more than a reward for the trouble of attaining to it. The windings of the Rhine do not admit of a very extensive prospect upwards, but that which they do disclose is so beautiful as to compensate effectually for the want of extent. In the opposite direction, Cöln, which is more than twenty miles distant, is distinctly visible; while the rich plain beneath, terminated on one side by a richly wooded range of hills, and on the other by the broad bosom of the ever-winding river, ornamented moreover with numerous villages, chateaux, modern and ancient, and the town of Bonn, with its noble electoral palace and cathedral, constitute the most considerable, as well as the most gratifying, portion of the picture. The great antiquity of the castle of Drachenfels is apparent from the few remains which exist at this day; but if any thing is wanting to confirm its antiquity, it is supplied by the wondrous story relating to it, which has been handed down from generation to generation, no doubt with occasional additions and embellishments, and is still current among the credulous. These legends, though usually enveloped in the follies of superstitious ignorance, are yet seldom without some foundation in fact. The rock of Drachenfels bears various marks of volcanic influence; and one is induced to believe that it must at some remote period have been the

site of a volcanic eruption. Of such an event, however, there is no historical account, nor any straight forward tradition, yet it appears to be hinted at in the legend which attaches to the place; and is as follows: "Drachenfels (literally Dragon's Rock) was "once the abode of a ferocious dragon, to prevent "whose promiscuous ravages over the surrounding "country, it was found necessary to sacrifice to the "jaws of the monster an annual human victim, who "was chosen from among the neighbouring inhabi- "tants, by lot. It happened on one occasion that the "lot fell on a young man remarkable for his piety, "who on being chained to the rock, near the mouth "of the dragon's den, prayed earnestly to his God "for deliverance. The dragon appeared at the mouth "of his cavern, and there paused a moment, eyeing, "with savage delight, the unfortunate being who was "shortly to gratify his taste for human food. The "youth had time to offer up one more fervent prayer, "when the earth opened at the feet of the dragon, "and a column of fire issuing from the cleft fell on the "monster and consumed him in a moment." Now leaving it to others to unriddle the dragon, I would venture a supposition, that the column of fire points to a volcanic eruption, the effects of which are visible to this day.—Nearest to the Drachenfels is the Loewenberg, or lions mountain, consisting of a fine grained

rock, very much resembling the closest lava, and highly esteemed for building. The cathedral of Cöln is constructed of stone from this mountain; numerous workmen are constantly employed at the quarries, by whose labours, and those of their predecessors for many generations, the height of the mountain has been very considerably reduced.—Our next excursion was to Rolandsec and Nonnenwerth, the latter a small island in the river, containing a large and handsome building, once, as its name imports, a convent, but now secularised into an inn.—The latter is all that remains of an ancient castle, crowning a high basaltic rock, which rises on the shore immediately over against the island. The legend attaching to these two places is so interesting that I shall make it the subject of my next letter.

LEGEND OF ROLANDSEC.

"THE castle of Ochenfels, on the right bank of "the Rhine, was the abode of a warlike Baron of "that name. He had an only daughter, Hildegun- "de, on whom nature seemed to have bestowed all "her choicest and most valuable gifts. One beauti- "ful evening, in the month of May, the brave Ro- "land, nephew of Charlemagne, arrived at the castle "on a visit which he had announced the preceding "day. Nothing was omitted which could in any way "contribute to the brilliancy of his reception, and to "testify the Baron's acknowledgment of the honour "conferred on him by a visit from so distinguished "a person. Hildegunde herself, then aged seven- "teen years, the roses of beauty mantling on her "cheeks, presented him at the castle gate with the "cup of welcome, with all the grace, elegance and "modesty, which naturally belong to that enchant- "ing age. The fame of her virtue and beauty had "already reached the ears of this renowned hero: "and predisposed to admire, it is no wonder that

" he yielded himself a willing captive to charms so " engaging. To see, to love, and to claim her as his " bride, was but the work of a moment. The de- " mand was no less cheerfully obeyed by the fair " Hildegunde than by her father, who was rejoiced " at the idea of wedding his child to so estimable a " man, the model of all that was virtuous and brave. " On the following day, the nuptials were celebrat- " ed with great pomp, and nothing seemed wanting " to render the happiness of the lovers complete.— " But, alas! while all the company were sitting in " the banqueting hall, enjoying the pleasures of the " table, a messenger is announced from the Emper- " or to his nephew, bringing information that the " Saxons had penetrated into Franconia, and orders " that, on the following morning, Roland should be " at Engelheim to take the command of the army, " destined to punish this act of aggression. No time " was to be lost: a tender farewell, and the promise " of a speedy return, was hastily given. At break " of day, Roland is at Engelheim, and by night- " fall, his army winds along the banks of the Main. " Hildegunde finding no consolation but in prayer, " prostrates herself before the image of her patron " Saint, and implores for her dear Roland a success- " ful campaign and a speedy return. Two months

" were not elapsed when the whole country resound-
" ed with the fame of Roland's valour. " ' Yet
" ' one battle,' ' (thus he writes to his Hildegunde)
" ' Yet one battle, the war will be at end, and I shall
" ' fly on the wings of love to lay my hard won lau-
" ' rels at your feet.' " " In effect, after another
" month, the total defeat of the Saxons is publicly
" announced, and Roland is said to have wrought
" prodigies of valour. Hildegunde counts the days
" and hours in momentary expectation of pressing
" her husband to her faithful bosom; when one
" evening there arrives at her father's castle, an
" unknown knight who requests admission: his
" *panache* was black, and he wore a scarf of black
" crape. Brave knight, said Hildegunde, as she
" presented to him the cup of welcome, for whom
" do you mourn? For the bravest of men, was
" his reply,—for Roland, my brother in arms,
" who fell at my side, in the thickest of the combat.
" Holy Virgin! she cried, not my Roland,—my
" husband! His last words, replied the knight in
" broken accents, were Hildegunde and Ochen-
" fels. At these words she fell lifeless on the pave-
" ment, and was conveyed, in a state of insensibili-
" ty, to her apartment in the castle. On recover-
" ing from her swoon, she was seized with a dan-
" gerous illness which conducted her to the very

" threshold of the grave; she regained, however, her
" health, and immediately executed a purpose, which
" she had long secretly resolved upon in case her hus-
" band should fall, retired to the convent of Nonnen-
" werth, and taking the veil, bade a final adieu to the
" world.—The vintage was over, the trees were almost
" leafless, the Rhine was agitated by the impetuous
" blasts of a November's storm, when one morning
" there arrived at the gates of the castle of Ochen-
" fels, with a numerous suit, arrayed in a superb
" suit of armour, and mounted on an Arabian
" charger, a knight who demanded admittance as a
" friend. It is Roland, who, as the unknown
" knight had truly announced, had fallen in the last
" battle, and being dangerously wounded, had lain
" long on the confines of death. His first business on
" the partial restoration of health, was to proceed,
" with all the haste that his emaciated frame could
" endure, to claim his affianced bride. What a re-
" ception does he meet with!—What dire intelligence
" awaits him:—Hildegunde is lost to him for ever,
" and with her the happiness of his existence.—Three
" days he gives himself a prey to the most poignant
" grief, and incapable of receiving consolation, he re-
" solves to build a hermitage on the rocky height over-
" looking the convent, there to spend the gloomy re-

" mainder of his days. Here, for hours together,
" he would sit fixing his eyes on the convent be-
" neath, as if they could penetrate the walls which
" contained the lost object of his affections. In the
" mean time, Hildegunde, informed of his return,
" became a prey to desolating grief, and expires.
" One day, sitting as usual at the window overlook-
" ing the convent, he discovers in the burial ground,
" a new made grave: a bier covered with a pall
" issues from the cloisters, followed by a long pro-
" cession of nuns: they approach the grave, and
" lower the coffin into it,—Roland, informed of her
" death, indeed he was inwardly persuaded of it by
" what he had seen, throws himself on his couch,
" and in three days afterwards is found a stiffened
" corpse."

LETTER XXXVII.

ENVIRONS OF GODESBERG—UNIVERSITY OF BONN—DEPARTURE FROM GODESBERG.

Godesberg, *Sept.* 20, 1827.

MANY of the hills in this neighbourhood consist of basaltic columns, which, however, are for the most part small, and irregular in form, some being four, some five, and some six-sided. Near Remagen, however, there is a bed of them, very large and extremely regular, as I was enabled to judge from some specimens I saw in the museum at Poppelsdorf.—About three miles south of Godesberg is the crater of an extinct volcano, which though not mentioned in history, must have been one of considerable magnitude. The crater is half a mile in diameter, nearly circular, and the hills which constitute its sides are entirely composed of ashes and lava. The bottom of the crater, instead of streams of boiling lava, or columns of dense smoke, now presents a scene of a very opposite nature: it is occupied by a considerable farming establishment, surrounded by a rich meadow, prettily diversified with clumps of

coppice wood. There is besides, what astonished me very much, a great deal of stagnant water, of a deep ferrugineous colour, and which I would have tasted, but that it looked so exceedingly dirty: seeing a woman at work in a garden, I inquired if they had good water in that singular situation, and received an answer in the affirmative: I hoped my question might have been taken as a hint that I was thirsty (it most certainly would in Italy): but no, I was obliged to be more explicit, and ask plainly for a draught of water; the inhospitable creature pointed to the house, and said I could get some there, but did not deign to move a step: I accordingly directed my steps thither, ready to do any thing, at once to satisfy my thirst and curiosity; but as I approached the door, two furious mastiffs rushed from their kennels, and seemed as if they would break their chains in their eagerness to get at me. Seeing no one to soothe these savage monsters, I was compelled unwillingly to retire with my thirst unquenched, and my curiosity, as to the quality of the water which could be found in the crater of an extinct volcano, as keen, and perhaps, from the impossibility of gratifying it, keener than ever.—About a mile to the north of our village, in the line of hills extending towards Belgium, are some allum works which have been in operation about 14 years. I came upon them by

accident in one of my rambles, being guided by a strong sulphureous odour which proceeded from them. A bed of gravel ten feet thick constitutes the upper stratum, beneath that is a stratum of fossil wood about the same thickness, and under that a bed of *manganese*, which, besides bitumen, has been discovered to contain a very considerable quantity of allum. It is extracted in the following manner: The soil containing it is burned in the open air, by which process the bitumen is entirely got rid of: it is then mixed with water, and the mixture being well stirred about, the earthy particles are allowed to subside, and the water being drawn off, is boiled for a considerable length of time, a small quantity of *kali* being added to it. It is then put into coolers, and deposits the allum in a state of crystalization; this is taken out, well washed, and then consigned again to the boiler, where it undergoes a complete purification, and on being emptied into small coolers, it forms a thick coat of allum on the sides and bottom of them, and is then fit for exportation. The fossil wood forms a very useful auxiliary in the foregoing process: being bruised tolerably small, it is mixed with water to the consistency of clay, put into moulds like a common flower pot, and then turned out in the sun to dry: when quite hard it is an excellent substitute for coal. This stratum of

fossil wood, looks like the refuse of a thousand timber yards all thrown together. Many masses of wood are so entire that it is easy to say of what species it is: a great deal of sulphate of iron in thin laminæ is found mixed with it. The colour is nearly black, and a piece of the fossil wood, on being exposed to the flame of a candle, ignites like coal, and emits a disagreeable sulphureous odour.

The University of Bonn is of recent establishment, but, owing to the great discernment displayed by the Government of his Prussian Majesty in the choice of Professors, has already acquired great reputation. The number of students at present is between nine hundred and a thousand: the two professions of law and physic are chiefly attended to; and, in the latter department, Professor Walther, a Bavarian, is looked up to as a prodigy of science and skill. The German Universities not being very remarkable for the strictness of their discipline, I inquired of one, well qualified to speak on the subject, how the young men at Bonn conducted themselves, and whether they were to be classed along with the riotous students of Heidelberg and some other places in Germany. He replied, with some warmth, that there existed nowhere a better conducted set of young men; to be sure they were rather quarrelsome among themselves, and that a day seldom passed

that did not witness two or three duels. "Duels!" I exclaimed;—"What! real duels?" "Oh certainly." "But with what weapons?" "The sabre." "And is there," I asked, "no possibility of stopping so pernicious a practice?" "No." "But, of course," I continued, "when any duelling parties are discovered, the principals at least are expelled?" "Oh no," was my friend's reply;—"There are four officers who have nothing to do but to continue on the look-out for such occurrences; and when they happen to fall upon a duelling party (which is very seldom), they command instant cessation of hostilities in the name of the college authorities, and, moreover, cite them, seconds and principals, before the council. There accordingly they appear to receive the terrible sentence of the law, which is one, two, or three *days* imprisonment, according to circumstances, unless the parties give their word of honour not to prosecute the quarrel any farther; in which case they are dismissed with a slight reprimand, and are at full liberty to begin another quarrel ere they get fairly out of the council chamber, and fight it out as soon as opportunity is afforded them." After hearing this account, it did not at all excite my astonishment to be told, that, about two years ago, no less than 280 duels were fought by the students at Bonn in the short space of three months.—The

Chateau of Popplesdorf, about half a mile from Bonn, and connected with it by a fine broad avenue of horse chesnut trees, is a noble palace, formerly a country residence of the Elector of Cöln. It is now used as a museum of natural history; while the extensive gardens which surround it are, with admirable propriety, also appropriated to scientific purposes, and are converted into a well conducted and richly stored botanical garden; which, while it contains all that is required for the elucidation of the history of the vegetable kingdom, is free from that stiffness which usually characterizes gardens appropriated to scientific purposes. The museum, though in its infancy, is especially rich in the mineralogical department.—The Electoral Palace at Bonn is also appropriated to the service of the university. It is an immense building, having a façade not less than a quarter of a mile in length; it contains the university library, affords apartments for the Professors, and spacious saloons for the delivery of their lectures. A new theatre of anatomy has recently been erected in the palace gardens on a very complete plan. It is in the form of a Greek cross; having, in the centre, a circular hall lighted by a dome from above, and capable of accommodating easily two hundred students. The limbs of the cross afford some small dissecting rooms for the private use

of the Professors, and a hall for a collection of specimens illustrative of the science of pathology. Many of these are as disgusting as they are curious; and it is probable that the unfortunate *being* who now exhibits it to strangers, may, ere the lapse of many years, be exhibited in his turn, as one of the most extraordinary productions of nature it contains.

I have now done with Godesberg, of which, and its environs, I shall ever entertain a pleasing recollection. It is a place that needs only to be known to be admired and resorted to. Beautiful walks invite the pedestrian in every direction. The humble admirer of nature in her simplest garb will here find wherewith to amuse himself for weeks: the antiquary may run riot among ruined castles; and, if he be an adventurous one, may perhaps be fortunate enough to lose his life in discovering a subterraneous passage, which tradition asserts to have existed between Godesberg and Drachenfels, running under the bed of the Rhine in its course. The geologist will find much to interest him; for, in whichever direction he rambles, he is sure to hit upon some of the wonders of nature. And, last of all, the searcher after health will not have reason to regret a visit to this place; the climate is bracing, and the waters very salubrious. There are two inns, both I believe good in their way, but experimentally I can only speak of

the Schönen Aussicht, where we have uniformly met with good society, and careful attention on the part of the respectable hostess and her domestics.—In a word, tranquillity reigns throughout, invites to meditation, and constitutes, in my humble opinion, the strongest recommendation to this justly esteemed *sejour de campagne.*

I now bring my letters to a close. We intend leaving this place in a few days, and, proceeding to Rotterdam, where we landed last spring twelve months, take our passage on board one of the steam packets for London.—VALE.

APPENDIX.

No. I.*

THE Council of Basle was assembled under Pope Martin the V., in conformity with one of the ordinances of the preceding Council at Constance; which decreed, that another Council should be held, within seven or ten years, for keeping matters in the settled state into which that Council had put them. Mr. Skinner, in his Scottish Ecclesiastical History, gives us the following sketch of some of its proceedings:—"The first thing they did was, to confirm their superiority over the Pope, by repeating the famous decree of Constance," to that effect. (See Appendix No. II.) The renewing the supremacy of the Council, so highly mortifying to Papal pride, irritated Pope Eugenius the IV., who had succeeded Martin, to that degree, that, though he had at first given his countenance to the Council's sitting, he now published a bull for dissolving it.—This began a woful quarrel: the Council fighting against the Pope with citations and threatenings, and the Pope defending himself the best way he could with his usual weapons of bulls and excommunications. When the rupture was thus found to be incurable, the Council chose

* See Letter V. p. 31.

the Cardinal of Arles their president; and after struggling for some years with Eugenius, who all the time shuffled and prevaricated, in such a way as disgusted the few friends he had, the president at last, in the name of the Council, pronounced a formal sentence of deposition against him, in which they declare him "contumacious, "disobedient to the decrees of the universal church, violator of the holy canons, disturber of ecclesiastical peace "and unity, simoniac, perjured, incorrigible schismatic, "pertinacious heretic, injurious to the Holy See," &c. And then they unanimously elected Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who, out of devotion, had resigned his dominions to his son; and, upon his being now chosen Pope, took the name of Felix the V.

To this succeeded a contest of great asperity and long duration, in which all Europe was involved, and which was finally terminated by the voluntary resignation of Felix, on the elevation of Nicolas the V. to the "chair" of St. Peter," vacated by the death of Martin.

APPENDIX.

No. II.

THE great number of very important matters, debated and settled at this *General Council*, will make the following brief outline of its proceedings, extracted from the Rev. John Skinner's Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, be read with interest:—

"To remedy these disorders,* if possible, the Emperor "Sigismund, who countenanced the resident at Rome, "prevailed with John, partly by persuasion, partly by "threats, to call a Council. Which accordingly he did, "and appointed it to meet at Constance in Germany, in "the month of December, 1414. This was a numerous "convention, and sat a long time.† Delegates were "sent to it from all the nations of the three obediences, "and they put a great deal of business through their "hands. John was the only Pope who appeared at it, "and, for some sessions, was allowed the honour to pre-

* The actual existence, at the same time, of three Popes, viz. John at Rome, Gregory at Rimini, and Benedict at Avignon.

† Until the year 1418.

" side in it,—till, finding how matters were like to go,
" he threw off his pontifical habit, and fled out of Con-
" stance in disguise. But, not being in a condition to
" dispute the Council's proceedings, he submitted to their
" discipline, confirmed their sentences, and resigned the
" chair. In the eighth session, the Council, after exam-
" ination, condemned Wickliff's doctrines, stigmatized his
" memory, and ordered his bones, if they could be distin-
" guished, to be taken up and burnt. This was, at best,
" but a pitiful revenge, and shows to what lengths of ill-
" nature superstition will go. It is true these doctrines
" gave great offence, both from the nature of them, and
" the reception they were now meeting with. They had
" been carried into Bohemia by a gentleman of that coun-
" try, who had studied at Oxford in Wickliff's time: and
" some years after, one Peter Paine, an Englishman, went
" over to Bohemia with Wickliff's writings, and made a
" great number of converts there to his persuasion.

" Among others who espoused these tenets, was John
" Huss, a Bohemian divine, and a man of great character
" for learning and probity. He was Principal of the Col-
" lege of Prague, and much esteemed by Wenceslaus,
" king of Bohemia, who was the emperor's elder brother.
" But, being suspected of favouring Wickliff and oppos-
" ing transubstantiation, he was summoned to the Coun-
" cil, and came to it, under the protection of a solemn
" *safe-conduct* from the Emperor, which Wenceslaus in-
" sisted on, both for his going and returning, before he

" would send him. Here he was again and again exam-
" ined upon the condemned articles, and numbers of cap-
" tious and ensnaring questions were put to him ; all which
" he answered in the scholastic style, so as neither to de-
" ny his doctrine in the main, nor yet lay himself open
" to a plain and direct conviction of heresy, notwithstand-
" ing the cunning attempts made by the Cardinal of
" Cambray, who now presided in the Council, to entrap
" him by metaphysical distinctions and subtleties of Aris-
" totle. Yet as Huss was a man of some eminence, and
" his abilities dangerous, he was found guilty by the Coun-
" cil, and, according to form, delivered over to the secu-
" lar arm : upon which he was degraded, and, by the ex-
" press sentence of the very man who had given him his
" protection, publicly burnt at the stake.

" Another great and general topic of clamour against
" this Council of Constance, is their making a formal
" decree to debar the Laity from partaking of the euchar-
" istic cup. It seems this practice, so confessedly con-
" trary to positive command and continued obedience
" for many ages, had been, by connivance and corrupt
" interpretation, gradually creeping into the Romish
" Church. But, hitherto, there had been no interposi-
" tion of express authority about it ; and many remon-
" strances had been made, and petitions offered against
" it, where it had been imperceptibly introduced. There-
" fore, to bar the door for the future against any expec-
" tation of the old and instituted privilege of receiving

" the communion of the blood of Christ, in and by the " sanctified cup of blessing, this assembly boldly decrees, " ' that it is not to be doubted but that the body and " blood of Christ are entire, under the single and sepa- " rate species of either the bread or the wine;' pronounces " them heretics who shall affirm the contrary; and ex- " communicates any of the Clergy who shall, after this, " take upon them to communicate the Laity in both " kinds. This impudent decree, in direct opposition to " an express institution of Christ, will be a lasting re- " proach to the Council of Constance.

" But the original design of their assembling has caused " a strange division. This was to put an end to the un- " happy schism which had lasted so long, and which they " saw could not be closed by abetting either of the com- " petitors, or admitting any plea, just or not, that they " could make for themselves. They therefore resolved " to set all the three (Popes) aside, and, in order to lay a " proper foundation for this arduous undertaking, they " solemnly decree, ' that this Synod, being assembled " under the assistance of the Holy Spirit, constituting a " lawful general Council, and representing the Catholic " Church militant, has an immediate authority from " Christ: to which Synodical authority all persons, of " what degree, quality, or order soever, the *Papal Dig-* " *nity* not excepted, are bound to submit in things relat- " ing to faith and extirpation of schism, and in whatever " tends to a reformation of manners in the Church, both " in the head and members.' "

" It was in consequence of this bold decree that they " proceeded to the actual deposition of all the three pre- " tending Popes, and unanimously elected Martin the V. " in their stead. So Gregory resigned his title, after some " little contest, and died at Recanati before the Council " broke up. John was cast into prison, but made his " escape, and went to Florence, where he threw himself " at the new Pope's feet, by whom he was made a Cardi- " nal, and died soon after. But Benedict, the oldest of " the three, still maintained his claim, and gave Martin " no little trouble for seven years.

APPENDIX.

No. III.

TREATMENT OF SILK WORMS.

THE following statement, partly translated from the Italian, and partly the result of my own inquiries, will be found to contain all that is most essential in the rearing and treatment of this most wonderful insect. To begin *ab ovo*. In the choice of eggs, those that are heavy, and rather verging to a violet colour, should be preferred. When the mulberry trees are putting out their leaves, take the eggs from their winter repository (which should be a cool but dry place) and spread them to the thickness of a quarter of an inch in open boxes made of pasteboard, that has no *sizing* in it: place the boxes in a room having a uniform atmosphere of 67° Fahrenheit, which must be daily increased two degrees until it amount to 79°, and move the eggs gently with the finger twice a day, until they begin to hatch, which will be in ten or twelve days. When this is the case, cover the boxes, which must not be more than an inch deep, with a piece of coarse muslin, so coarse as to admit the passage of the worms. Upon this, place a small twig of mulberry; to this the worms will be attract-

ed, and in a short time its leaves will be covered with them; when this is the case, remove it to a frame already prepared for its reception; and put a fresh twig in its place, which, in like manner, will be occupied by the worms as they hatch. And it will be well to keep those hatched on different days, in separate frames. The room in which the worms are to live, should have windows down to the ground, and moreover, furnished with ventilators. A fire-place is also indispensable. The tables on which the worms are spread, should be two feet wide, and have a rim round the edges, about two inches high, to prevent their wandering. These may be suspended, one above the other, (leaving, however, at least two feet between each two) all round the room, and up the middle of it. During the first fortnight, the temperature of the room should never, night nor day, be lower than 75° nor higher than 80° of Fahrenheit. A rapid change from heat to cold is more prejudicial to the worms than a steady continuance of an excess of either one or the other.—During its existence as a caterpillar, the silk-worm sleeps four several times: its first sleep lasts only one day, its second two, its third three, its fourth four and five days. On awaking each time, they change their skins, or as the Italians expresses it, put off their dirty shirt. When the worms awake from their third sleep the temperature may be reduced to 67°, and from their fourth to 65°, if the state of the weather will permit. The frames should never be near the fire-place, otherwise, while the

rest of the room is at a temperature of 75°, they may be in one of 85°, or even more. The worms must never be crowded together; to avoid which, as they grow larger, let new tables be ready to remove them to, from time to time. Every other day their bed (coarse brown paper spread over the wicker work) must be cleaned, and the best way of doing this is always to have an extra frame: beginning with the first, remove all the worms into the extra frame, then clear away their dirt, and placing the worms of the second frame into that which has just been cleared, proceed through the whole room.—Up to the second sleeping the worms must be fed seven times every twenty-four hours, with mulberry leaves cut small. After that to the fourth sleeping six times in twenty-four hours is sufficient, and the leaves need not be cut so small as before. When they awake from their fourth and last sleep, they must be fed five times in twenty-four hours with whole leaves.—Wet leaves, or leaves from the extremities of the branches (as being too juicy) should not be given to them: indeed rather than give them wet food, it is preferable to leave them without food altogether for a certain length of time; it having been proved that they suffer little inconvenience from fasting even as much as forty-eight hours.—The silk worm, when its sleeping time approaches, disregards food, and holds its head erect; and as all do not sleep at the same time, it will be necessary always to sprinkle lightly a few leaves over them, that those which are not drowsy may

still eat. From the third waking it is necessary to be constantly on guard against closeness of air: in a few minutes, it may destroy a whole room full of worms. To prevent this, take care to ventilate the chamber well; and for this purpose there is nothing more effectual than occasionally setting fire to a handful of straw or shavings in the fire-place, and at the same time swinging the door backwards and forwards.—When the worms wake the fourth time throw open the windows, and close them no more, except momentarily during a storm, until they begin to spin. The chamber should be swept out daily, but as dust is hurtful, it should be previously sprinkled with water. Perfumes of any sort are highly prejudicial to the worms. After the fourth waking must be prepared the *bosco* or wood; which is composed of small dry twigs mixed with some unthrashed straw: these should be ranged along the middle of the frame (taking great care not to injure the worms in the operation, which are now very tender) and contrived so as to reach to the frame immediately above. As the worms become *ripe*, as it is termed, they leave their food, and betaking themselves to the *bosco*, begin forthwith to spin: during this operation they must be disturbed as little as possible; and the *bossole* or webs which they weave, must not be detached from the *bosco* in less than eight days. When all have been taken off, select such as you think best calculated for continuing the species, and place them in a warm room by themselves; and the rest must be put in-

to a slow oven; the heat of which will not only destroy the chrysalis, but dry it up so as to prevent putrefaction in future.—In twenty days the moths will eat their way out of those *bossole* which you have selected and placed as above. The males are small and the females nearly double the size: they must be left together two hours, when the females must be taken away from the males and placed on a sheet suspended from the wall, where they will almost immediately commence depositing their eggs; when they have done they will fall down, and may be then destroyed.—To detach the eggs from the sheet, steep it for a few minutes in strong wine (perhaps ale might do as well) and then scrape them off with a blunt knife; place them in boxes impervious to mice or ants, and lay them up for the winter in a dry cellar.

APPENDIX.

No. IV.

MODES OE TRAVELLING.

THERE are three modes of travelling on the Continent, Post, Vetturino, and by the Diligence, each of which I will consider in its turn. First of all, travelling post presupposes the possession of a carriage; an English chariot, if but lightly laden, and containing not more than three persons, is seldom obliged to take more than three horses, unless in mountainous countries, when they are never allowed to proceed with less than four, and very often the post-master, who is an *absolute monarch*, insists upon a fifth. The price of posting is over the whole Continent pretty much the same, we will therefore take the French *Tariffe*, which is the most simple, as our guide in estimating the expense of posting. Suppose the carriage to be a chariot, the travellers not more than three, including servants, and the distance to be travelled twenty-five posts; it will be no unfair calculation, to suppose that for half of this distance three horses will be considered sufficient, while for the other half, four will be required. The price per post is 1 franc, 10 sous for each horse: the

postilion will hardly be satisfied with 1 franc, 15 sous, and the hostler is allowed 5 sous for every pair of horses.—— Therefore

	F.	S.
Three horses - -	4	10
Postilion - - -	1	15
Hostler not less than -	0	10
Francs	6	15

which is equal to about 5s. 6d. of our money: this multiplied by 12½, the number of posts in which three horses will be allowed by our supposition, gives £3 : 3 : 9.—The expense for the last twelve posts and a half will be found, according to our supposition, to be £1 : 13 : 9 more (because another postilion is to be considered) or £4 : 17 : 6, making on the whole for twenty-five posts or fifty leagues the sum of £8 : 1 : 3; or as each post is five miles, about 1s. 3d. per mile. If the travellers happen to be more than three in number including servants—four horses will always be put on; and for every one above four will be demanded the additional sum of one franc and a-half per post; nor need the traveller expect to get off without submitting to all these restrictions, as the privilege of supplying post horses is paid for, and of course the post masters omit no opportunity of increasing their profits.—If the carriage be a barouche, it is never permitted to proceed with less than four horses, and if the number of

travellers exceed four, six horses are put on. With a carriage of this description, therefore, the expense of travelling twenty-five posts with four persons will amount to thirteen pounds, or about two shillings and a penny per mile.—The rate of travelling seldom exceeds a post per hour; but by higher paying, the postilions will, where the road is good, average a post and a quarter in that time.—There can be no question that this is the most agreeable mode of travelling, where the country is not interesting; but when repeated for several days together becomes not only very fatiguing, but produces a sort of nervous excitement which is extremely painful.—We next come to consider the Vetturino mode of travelling. This may be done either in your own carriage, or in a hired one. The expense is nearly the same, being if any thing a little in favour of the latter, because in that case the vetturino has a better chance of getting employment on his return. On this plan a chariot should never have less than three, nor a barouche than four horses.—The bargains are usually made for great distances, as from Calais to Paris, Marseilles, Milan, Florence, Rome and even Naples. The rate of travelling is about seven posts, or thirty miles a-day; and the time occupied, is about eight hours, or between that and ten. The usual way is to start at six o'clock (in the summer) and travel until ten or half past; lay by for three hours, and perform the rest in the afternoon. The prices usually paid are twelve francs a-day for each horse, and as many francs a-day to the driver as he has horses. Those persons who

wish to travel without having their temper ruffled at every inn where they stop, by the exorbitant demands of their hosts, will do well to include in their bargain for horses, the price of their own living; nor need they fear being ill-treated by their driver, whose livelihood depends on the certificates he can produce. The price paid for three meals a-day, breakfast of coffee, eggs, milk and butter; lunch of cutlets, fish and potatoes; and dinner in the evening, is nine francs for each person; while, if he pays for himself, he will fare much worse on ten. This is a mode of travelling which ought to be adopted in countries abounding with objects of curiosity, and the beauties of nature, such as Switzerland, Italy, and some parts of Germany; if any of the party are good pedestrians, they may always, where occasion requires, leave the main road, and fall in with their carriage at the quarters for the night, and thus visit many interesting points which travellers by post seldom think of.

The third mode of travelling, viz. by Diligence, can seldom be adopted by any but men, as they, for the most part, proceed by night as well as by day. They are generally well equipped, though heavy lumbering machines, and are admirably adapted for men of business, or for those whose object is to be at any given place in the least possible space of time. The prices vary but little throughout those parts of the Continent where they are established: and are for an inside place sixteen sous per league, and for a place in the cabriolet, which is by

far the pleasantest, ten sous; so that the journey above spoken of, of fifty leagues, would require an expenditure of forty francs, or £1 : 13 for the inside, and twenty-five francs, or £1, for a place in the cabriolet. There is besides this the mail which seldom takes more than one passenger besides the courier; it is the most expeditious, as well as the most expensive mode of getting from one place to another.

There is, in addition to these, a fourth mode of travelling which is becoming very prevalent wherever it is practicable: I mean by steam. The Rhine, the Rhone, and the Seine, the lakes of Constance, Geneva, Maggiore, Como, and Garda, are all now furnished with commodious steam-packets, which facilitate, in an extraordinary degree, the communication between this country and the heart of the Continent. Twice every week a steam-vessel leaves Rotterdam for Mayence, which place it reaches on the fourth day; the descent from Mayence to Rotterdam in the summer months only occupying half the time; so that a person may leave Francfort (which is only twenty miles from Mayence) and be in London in three days; a degree of expedition, which I believe cannot be equalled even in England, where travelling is carried to such perfection. The distance between Francfort and London is about five hundred miles. There is one inconvenience attending these packets, and that is, that they are generally crowded, but where there are many in a party, as five or six, it will be

quite as economical and far more agreeable to hire the state cabin, which is roomy and quite by itself. The arriving late at the resting-places for the night is also an evil of no slight magnitude; as there is always an immediate rush to the inns to procure beds; and though it seldom happens that beds are not to be had, the traveller must make up his mind to submit to the grossest imposition on the part of the innkeepers. The fare from Rotterdam to Mayence is about two pounds fifteen shillings.—A good dinner is served on board at a moderate price, as well as breakfast and tea. Arrangements are now making to extend the steam navigation up as high as Strasbourg, which it is expected will be in operation in the approaching summer; and should that be found to answer, there can be no doubt that in the course of another year, it will be extended even up to Basle. This will indeed be bringing Switzerland home to our doors, and will render a trip to that enchanting country as easy as it now is to go to Paris. The steam-packets on the lake of Constance are more for the conveniences of commerce, than for passengers; those on the two lakes of Como and Maggiore, at the same time that they convey a great deal of merchandise, are timed so as to suit, in an especial manner, the convenience of travellers. An attempt has been made to open a communication by steam between Marseilles and Naples, but the difficulties thrown in the way by the government at the latter place, and the scanty supply of

passengers have succeeded in putting a stop to it.—Perhaps the failure may, with great justice, be attributed to bad management on the part of the proprietors, and it may therefore be expected, that another effort will be made on a more liberal scale, when one would imagine it could hardly fail to be crowned with success.

APPENDIX.

No. V.

EXPENSE OF LIVING.

THE expense of living on the Continent varies with the purposes for which persons or families go abroad. The mere searcher after novelty will find that he can gratify his taste at little less expense than would be required in prosecuting the same pursuit in England: with him, therefore, I have nothing to do: he, generally speaking, keeps no accounts, draws upon his Banker for money when he wants it, and is by no means annoyed, even though his expenses, at the termination of his tour, be discovered to amount to double the sum he originally calculated upon. But there are numbers of my countrymen, who, desirous of seeing things and men of other countries, are yet unwilling to gratify their propensity *coute qu'il coute;* who, in short, wish to travel without going beyond their ordinary rate of expenditure. There are others who go abroad for the sake of purchasing accomplishments for their children at a moderate rate. And there is a third and very numerous class, who go to live on the Continent, because they cannot afford to live in England as

they would wish to live. To each and all of these three classes, the following observations, it is hoped, may be found useful:—There can be no doubt that the necessaries of life are to be purchased all over the Continent at a much lower rate than in England. Taking one place with another, and one article of consumption with another, the proportion may fairly be stated as two to three. And those who go abroad with any other calculation will find themselves grievously mistaken. For though the price of meat will seldom be found to exceed one half of what it is in England, yet colonial produce of every description approaches very nearly three-fourths of the English price. Besides this, it is one thing to live in your own house, surrounded by your own people on whom you can depend, and in a hired one in the midst of a people who all consider you as fair game, and are interested in extracting from you all that they can possibly get hold of. There is another thing not often taken into consideration, and that is, that persons who have been accustomed to live plainly in England, are seduced by the *comparative* cheapness of foreign luxuries, and have their table, while abroad, daily supplied with delicacies, which at home would be reserved for particular occasions. For example—the man who, in England, is satisfied with half a bottle of port wine at four shillings a bottle, will not take less than a whole bottle of claret at the same price, or of Burgundy at something more. This is one department of luxuries, and the same may be said of every other.—

The article of house rent is very often left entirely out of the calculation (I am always alluding to persons to whom calculation is necessary); and yet, according to the common system adopted by residents abroad, it is an article of paramount importance. We are a social nation, and usually fix our residence where we are likely to meet with the greatest number of our countrymen. In a word, we follow the fashion. Who would spend the summer at Naples, or the winter in Switzerland? Who would winter on the Lake of Como, or spend the summer at Milan? And yet there is no reason in the world why these things should not be done. Yet so it is: a person would as soon think of being at Naples (Rome is out of the question because of the *mal aria*), Florence, Milan, or in Switzerland, out of season, as of combating any of the most established rules of fashion in his own country. The consequence of all this is, that a family, going to any place in Switzerland for four months in summer, pay a whole year's rent for their house; and the same may be said of every other place: so that, if they change their abode three times, they may fairly be said to pay house rent for three years. But, after all, what is the rent which they are called upon to pay? A good house in Switzerland for a family of six persons, besides servants, cannot be had under from twelve to fifteen pounds a month for five summer months. At Pisa, the same family will not get off for less than fifteen,—at Florence, than twenty; while at Rome five-and-twenty pounds a-month is the

least they must calculate upon. So much for families. With respect to single individuals, I will only remark, that if a man have £300 per annum, and be a good manager, he may always frequent the most fashionable places; but then he must be contented to move about from place to place by Diligences; and, where they do not exist, by *vetturino*.

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